

AMERICA'S 1

TACHO MALE

DRUMMER

MILITARY

ISSUE '86

4⁹⁵
A BARGAIN!

START THE
NEW YEAR
WITH A
NEW MAN
FROM OUR
BIGGEST
CLASSIFIED
EVER!

ISSUE 90



WELCOME TO THE
MILITARY, SUCKER!

DRUMMER

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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Try explaining this one to mother.

Cover: Sergeant Swann, courtesy of Seabag Studios.
Opposite Page: Mike Arlen photographs military discipline.

GETTING OFF

We can hardly let a military issue go by without some sort of blast at our beloved military institutions themselves. Gay males love to dress up like, or be subjugated by, their worst enemies; therefore the popularity of police uniforms, Nazi uniforms and military regalia.

The old guard of the military doesn't like gays anymore than it likes civilian control, liberals, congressional investigations or peaceniks. It didn't used to like blacks or Asians but it can't openly get away with too much of that anymore. However, aided and abetted by the present administration, it wants no homosexuals and has cold-bloodedly persecuted and prosecuted men with unblemished records, even heroes, because someone heard a rumor that they might be that way.

THERE ARE NO GAYS AND THERE IS NO AIDS IN THE U.S. MILITARY.

U.S. Secretary of Bullshit

Now along comes AIDS and the Pentagon has jumped in with both feet. Everyone is to be tested for it. With an opportunity of this magnitude to lead the way for the rest of the country, the military has taken a stance that would have been admired by Attila the Hun.

There are things that the military does admire mightily, however: separation and duplication of its branches, the incredible pork-barreling and inefficiency of the military-industrial complex and the waste of billions of dollars, millions of man hours and thousands of otherwise excellent, talented and dedicated men who happen to prefer men.

The armed services lie about the numbers of gays on their rolls. The percentage is higher than for the civilian population. The incidence of AIDS has to be proportionately higher as well. But instead of leading the way for research, it prefers to stonewall it.

A friend of ours, a retired colonel, died recently of AIDS in a VA hospital. It took over three months to get him in. Their doctors told him he merely had a low-grade infection. Then, when he became too ill to stay home and was forced upon them, a needless biopsy collapsed a lung and hastened his death. It is time they learned what the characteristics of the disease are and how to treat them as well as civilian medical centers do.

And it is time to stop pumping all that money into obsolete bombers, MX systems and tanks that run out of gas before they can get to battle. Instead of worrying about "Star Wars," it is about time for them to bring their organizations into the twentieth century.

John H. Embry
DRUMMER 3

MANHOOD RITUALS

THE COMPOUND'S D.I. KEN SAVAGE SHOWS THE NAVY HOW TO TRAIN A SAILOR

We were taping a sequence for *The Best and Worst of Drummer* when Ken Savage dropped by with one of his new recruits. As usual, D.I. Ken took charge and ordered his man to get in front of the cameras. The fellow was trained well enough not to question it and as he was put through his paces we got some photos. We left a video camera on them as these were being shot and the recorded conversation with the two will probably end up in something or another. It was beautiful, but then so was some of the action as our crew stood around open-mouthed, holding their crotches.

Photos by B.J. Bradford

"I CERTAINLY
HOPE SO, SIR."

"THINK WE CAN
MAKE A MAN
OF YOU, BOY?"

"I HOPE SO TOO, BUT
YOU LOOK LIKE A PILE
OF SHIT TO ME, BOY."

"THEY
DON'T
DO THIS
IN THE
NAVY,
SIR."

"YES,
SIR."

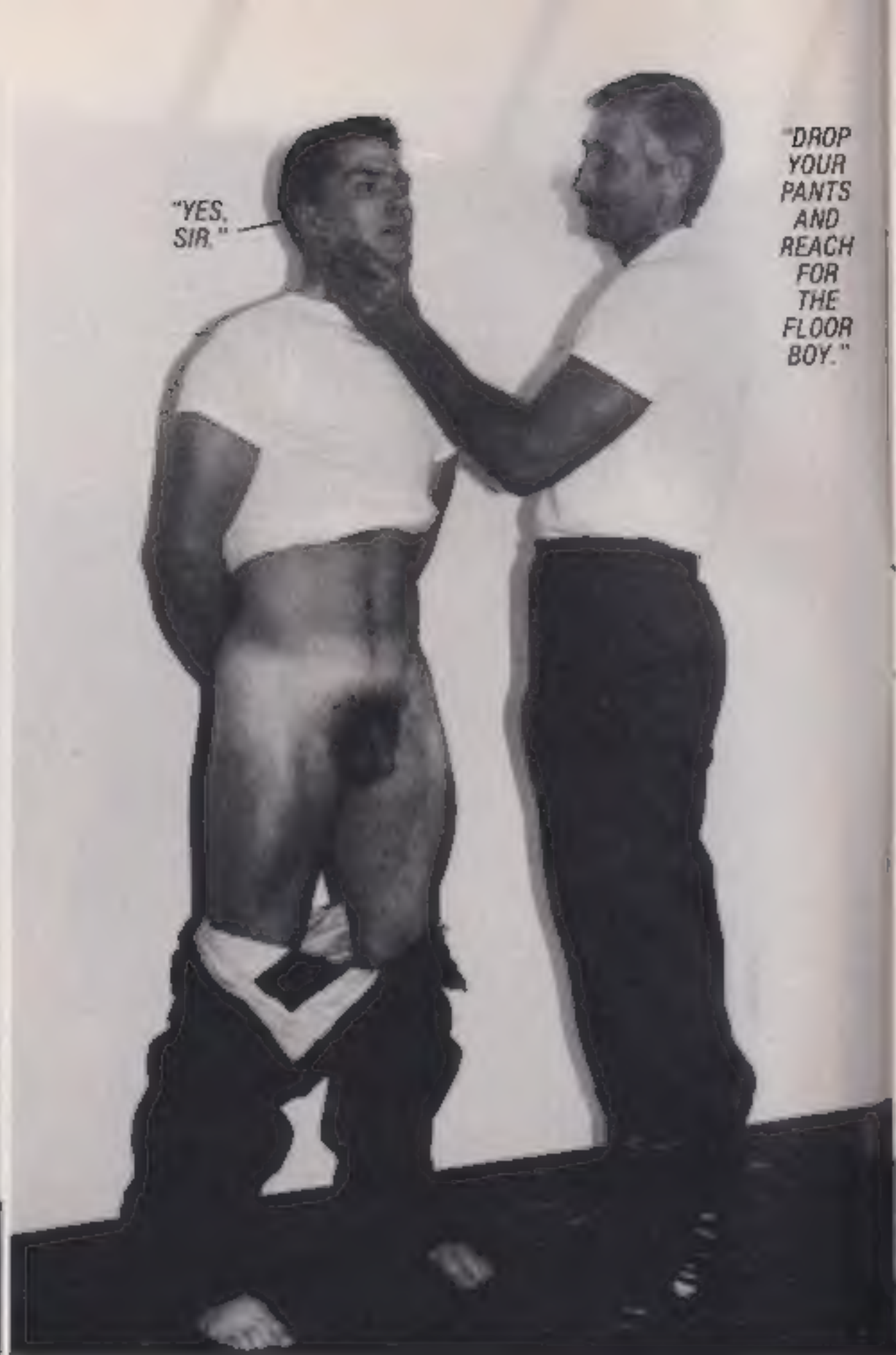






"CAREFUL
OF MY
BALLS
SIR."

"ON YOUR
TOES,
MISTER!"



"YES,
SIR."

"DROP
YOUR
PANTS
AND
REACH
FOR
THE
FLOOR
BOY."



"MY
BALLS!
MY
GOD
MY
BALLS!"



"I DON'T
KNOW,
SIR."

"HOW'D
THAT
THING
GET
SO HARD,
MISTER?"



"NICE
SMOOTH
ARSE!"

"THANK
YOU, SIR.
FOR
WEARING
A RUBBER."



MR. SAFESEX SAYS:
"ALWAYS WEAR A CONDOM
WHEN YOU ARE FUCKING
A RAW RECRUIT.
YOU NEVER KNOW
WHO ELSE HAS
BEEN USING
IT (THE RECRUIT)."

VERY
GOOD
POINT,
SIR!"



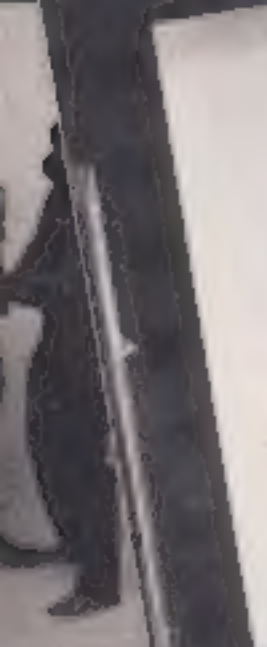
"I THINK
THAT IS
WHAT IS
MAKING
ME HARD,
SIR."

"LET ME
TELL YOU
HOW I FEEL
ABOUT FLAT
TITS, BOY."



"DOESN'T SEEM
TO WANT TO
GO DOWN."

"NO,
SIR!"





MEANWHILE

BRUTUS SHOWS THE ARMY A THING OR TWO

Not to be outdone by DI Ken Savage, Brutus dropped in over at the studio one day when we were awash with sergeants. This time it was a young fellow just out of the army, desiring a bodyshave. This fellow had balls to agree to Brutus wielding a straight-edge around them. He still has them, albeit as smooth as the day he was born. A nice fellow, he headed back down South for the holidays, smooth and still wearing his neckchain and lock. We didn't have room for a spread; that will have to come later, but we couldn't let this issue go by without showing some of this session, which was the real thing in a real Compound session, albeit in the studio. We left the video camera on and recorded part of the repartee with Brutus chewing the scenery along with his cigar and the sergeant bravely facing the fiercest DI in his eight army years.

Maybe we'll put it in the video version of *The Best and Worst of Drummer*.



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ARMY VS NAVY



A NEW
STORYTIME
BY
ETIENNE

ETIENNE is one of our favorites and we were excited to know that he has a new Storytime out via Falcon Studios. As with most of Etienne, there are the good guys and the bad guys and some sort of a moral involved, although we aren't exactly sure of what it is. It is available from Falcon, PO Box 750, San Francisco, CA 94101 for \$20. Let's hear it for the army!

GETTING PAST
THE SENTRY'S WAS
A PIECE OF CAKE IN THE
UNIFORMS OVERHOLT GAVE
US...

YEAH... AND THIS
KEY HE PROVIDED SAVED
US THE BOTHER OF PICKING
THE LOCK



SACK

NAL



YEAH.... LOOK AT
THE BIG NAVY MAN
CHOW DOWN ON MY
JUICY ARMY DICK

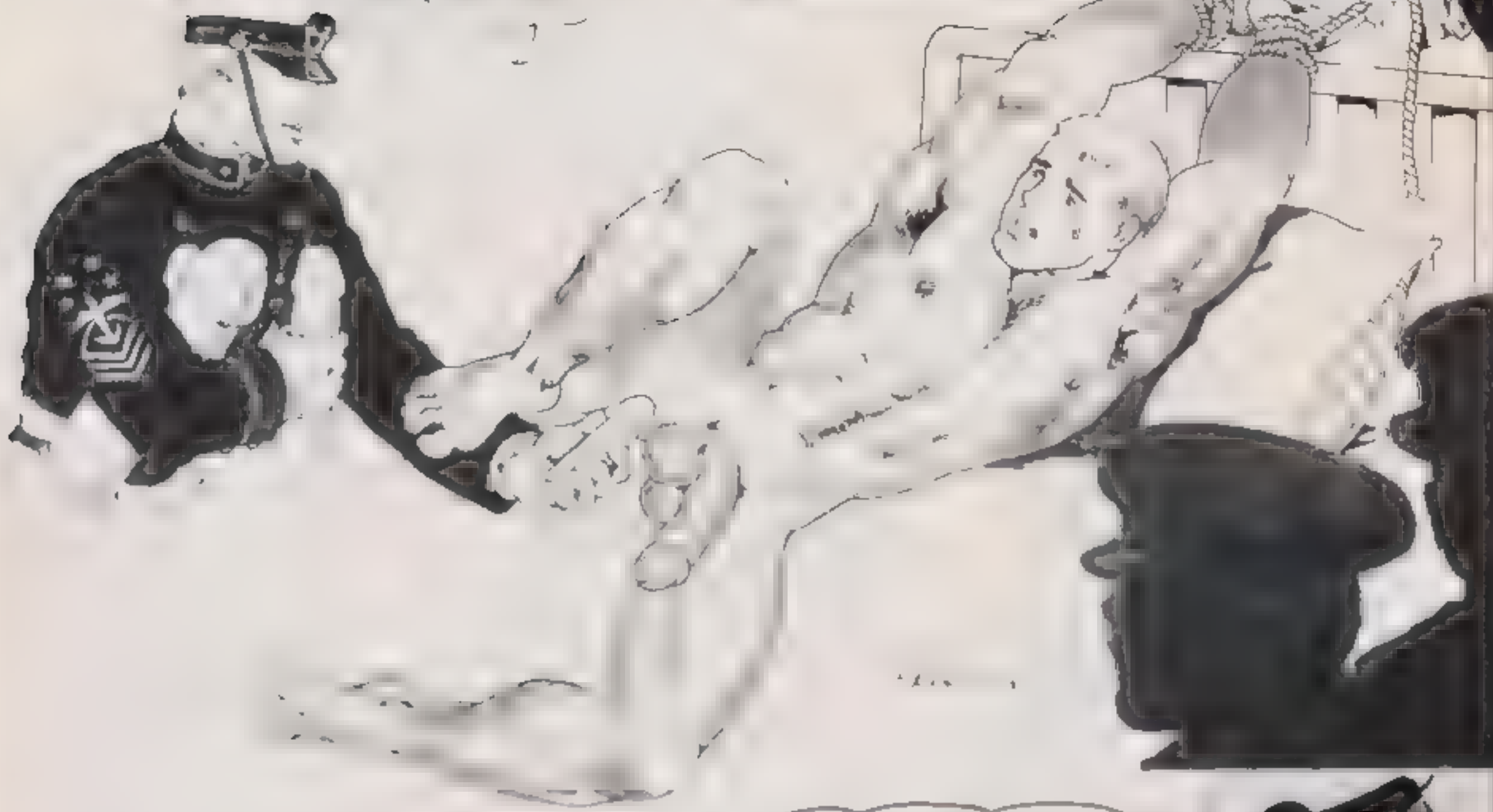
OFF

RAZOR
SLICE
NUTS!

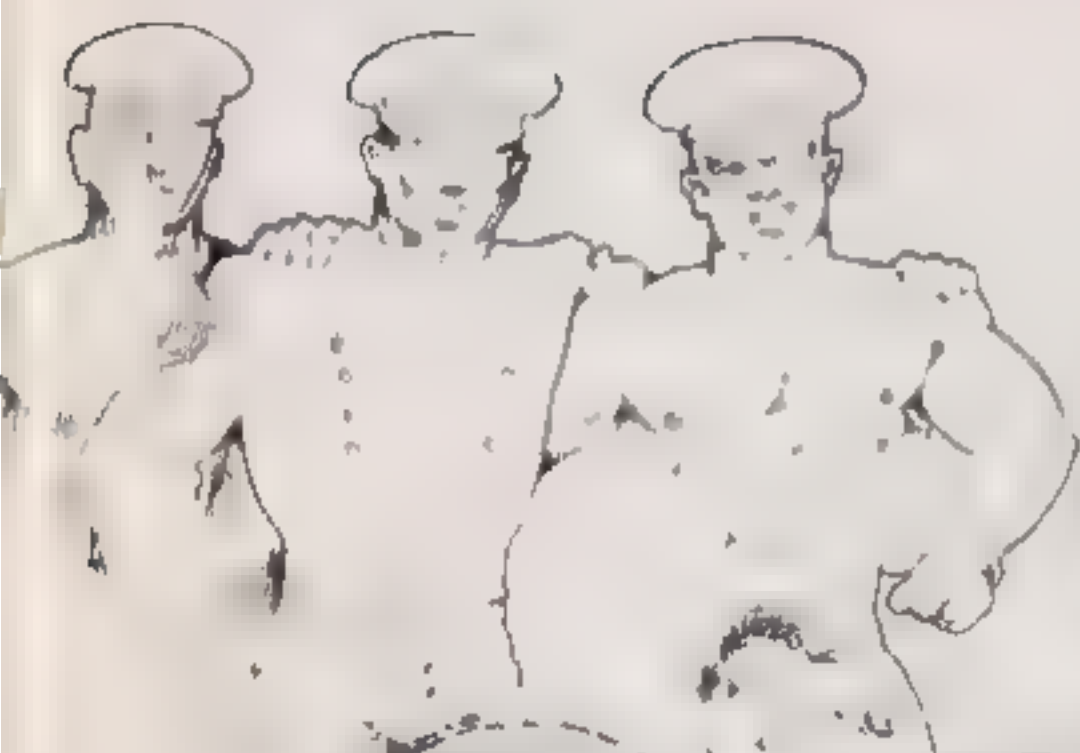
MFFFF
CHOKED

CHUCKLE
THERE'S A
BIG NAVY MAN
AS A PUNCH

GASP!



THOSE DILDOS REALLY
HEAVY-DUTY
DICK WORK!



GET TO IT, BIG GUY..
TURN AT
BAT.





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THE
FANTASY...

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REPORT

Send your entries for this national leather update to DRUMMER Report, 640 Natoma St., San Francisco, CA 94103

"ALL THE SHIT THAT'S FIT TO PRINT."



A WITCHHUNT FOILED
The FBI vs. NAMBLA

DID SEX
CLUB
TRAP
THIS
BOY?

In December 1982, the federal Bureau of Investigation and local law-enforcement agencies launched a crusade against the North American Man/Boy Love Association (NAMBLA), a legal civil-rights organization. With the collusion of the media, they sought to smear the group as an international "sex ring" involved in kidnapping, production and distribution of commercial pornography involving minors, and other crimes. Their attempted witchhunt ran aground when NAMBLA exposed it for the fraud that it was. The case generated widespread attention, but until now the full story has not been told.

A new booklet tells that story. It gives a detailed and documented account of how one small, misunderstood group resisted the authorities and stood up for its rights in the face of a concerted effort to destroy it. It is a contribution to a literature of resistance to state abuse of power. *A Witchhunt Foiled* is must reading for everyone concerned about civil liberties and the struggle for social change.

A Witchhunt Foiled: The FBI vs. NAMBLA. Published by the North American Man/Boy Love Association. Introduction by David Thorstad. New York, 1985. 93 pp. Illustrated \$5.95. Distributed by Glad Day Books, 43 Winter St., Boston, MA 02108, (617) 542-0144. Single copies available from NAMBLA for \$6.95 (postpaid).

HOCKEY HAZING

Under Massachusetts Interscholastic Athletic Association rules, no high school can hold hockey practice until the Monday after Thanksgiving. Nevertheless, the Lowell team held several "captain's practices" this fall. These unofficial sessions directly violated association regulations. After one of these practices, Lowell sophomores Michael DiGiovanni and Michael Cederberg were initiated as varsity team members. They were beaten by five teammates, all seniors, and suspended by their jocks on hooks in the locker room. DiGiovanni suffered bruised ribs and kidneys and won't play hockey this winter. Cederberg suffered a bruised abdomen but will be able to play. The five seniors told a special Lowell school committee meeting that they had all undergone similar initiation rites at past captain's practices. They said that Lowell's coach of ten years, William Robinson, had also been at the practice, although he had left before the hazing started. The five players have been kicked off the team, and Robinson resigned last week.



CARNIVAL IN COLOGNE

From MS-PANTHER in West Germany comes a poster and invitation to "Panthers Kostumbail" and a personal invite from Jochen Muller, president. See you there, kids!

GREECE FOR 24 LUCKY GUYS

Into things Greek and Greek action? Next on "The Dean's List" is Athens, Santorini and Mykonos with an optional trip to the island of Delos, the birthplace of Apollo. And accompanying the master of the lens are a

number of examples of Greek statuary in the flesh. The tour is from May 24 to June 7. Interested? Contact Roy Dean, c/o American Express Travel, 131 N. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90048.

AIDS FROM TREES

Six volunteers began selling trees in a San Jose, California parking lot to raise money for AIDS victims. Some customers were reluctant to bring their children onto the lot or even to buy a tree because of fear of the disease. One man who worked there suffers from AIDS.

"This one lady just shrank from me and held onto her purse like, 'Please don't touch me,'" said Ray Aguilar, an apartment-house manager who does not have AIDS.

"But I told her she was not going to get it from touching a tree and she finally gave in and bought one."



POSTER OF THE MONTH

CARNIVAL POSTER '85 by artist F. Ronald Fowler is printed on gold-toned board and available for a paltry

\$19.95 postage-paid by writing to Mr. Fowler at Box 1333, Provincetown, MA 02657. A collector's item.



BIGGEST MALE ART GATHERING OF ALL TIME

The International Gay Archives is preparing the largest, most comprehensive show of gay men's visual arts ever assembled. To be staged on the weekend of Valentine's Day, it will run from Friday, February 14 through Sunday the sixteenth. Nearly a hundred artists, fifty photographers, plus video and film artists have been invited. Proceeds from the festival will go to the Gay Archives' art department for the acquisition of new art, preservation and framing of the collection and toward the establishment of a permanent international museum/gallery of gay art as well as for the Archives' AIDS history project.

According to festival organizer, Olaf Odegaard, "We believe that it is important at this time of crisis in our community that we come together to sense our own beauty and the joy of our creativity."

Tickets will go on sale from January 1st and reservations may be made before that date from the Archives at 1654 Hudson Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90028. Information number is (213) 463-5450.

GUNGA DIN
Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Sam Jaffe. Top-notch Hollywood adventure film about three English soldiers battling bloodthirsty Punjabi tribesmen. B&W. (1939). 117 min. Was \$34.95
VHS 878925
BETA 878917
Now Only \$19.95



I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU,

"You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din," Kipling said. Now we think we understand a little better why from a dedicated reader



MR. LEATHER-NEW YORK

The Paradise Garage in New York City was the site of the second annual Mr. Leather-New York 1985 contest. The event this year was jointly sponsored by the Interchain Fraternity and GMSMA (Gay Male SM Activists).

The Mr. Leather-New York Contest was conceived with two goals in mind, both meant to fill a need in our community.

The first, and most important, of course, is to raise money to help in the fight against AIDS. The monies raised will go directly to the Gay Men's Health Crisis and the AIDS Resource Center to enable both of these organizations to continue their invaluable work in assisting AIDS patients and in fighting the insidious disease.

The second goal is of a much different nature: It provides the opportunity for the leather community to join individual forces and show the rest of the gay community that we are a forceful and effective part of our community and that we shall grow increasingly so.

There is a new Mr. Leather-New York. Mr. Henry Romanowski, Mr. Leather-New York 1984 was on hand to

relinquish the title to the 1985 winner. There was a standing-room-only crowd on hand waiting to see who would win the coveted title of Mr. Leather-New York 1985. There were seventeen contestants in all.

Barry Douglas, the Master of Ceremonies, received the results from the judges. Barry announced the third runner up, Joe Saxon, representing S&M Leathers of Baltimore. Joe received a check for \$200 and a one-year membership in Interchain. The second runner up was Don Lehrman, representing the Long Island Spuds. And finally, 1985 Mr. Leather-New York, Dennis Walsh, representing the Mineshaft, was the judges choice. Dennis will get a trip to Amsterdam, a check for \$500, a videotape of the 1985 Mr. Drummer show as well as the 1985 Mr. International Leather Contest and a one-year membership in Interchain. All the winners received a bouquet of leather roses and a trophy.

This event not only brought members of the leather community of New York together in the spirit of camaraderie, but it also raised \$18,000 for the GMHC and the AIDS Resource Center.

—Tom of Virginia

DRUMMER FORUM

DRUMMER PROMPTS A CHALLENGE TO DSM III

After reading your latest issues of *Drummer* 86 and 87, I was compelled to voice my opinions on sadism, masochism and fetishism to the straight community at the graduate school I am presently attending. I am a first-year graduate student in clinical psychology at Fairleigh Dickinson University in New Jersey taking a class in abnormal psychology. This class requires diaries to be written on relevant topics concerning psychopathology and/or the lack thereof. After reading your issues—and countless others—I felt the need to correct a wrong that has been marked on a particular group of homosexual men.

There is a diagnostic manual in print that all professionals in the field of mental health (if there is such a thing) use to label deviant behavior. This manual considers S&M, and even fetishisms (leather and rubber), abnormal. Even worse the label of "Psychosexual Dysfunction" has been deemed appropriate for those individuals who practice these behaviors.

I feel that this label, whose roots stem from the Diagnostic Statistical Manual III, is unfair and quite inappropriate. Therefore I felt justified in risking one grade in the class—a minor sacrifice—in order to generate some new insight on the issue from my professor.

Why do I write to you? Just to let you know that your audience does respect the time, research and informative readings that you often bring into clear focus. Your magazine reaches a large audience (even us young chickens) and I wish to say thanks and hope to have contributed in any way to helping bring fetishisms, S&M, homosexuality, etc...into understanding for those who do subscribe to your publication and for those who do not. P.S. Keep up with your outstanding fusion of eroticism

and information (the pictures are not so bad either).

While reading through the DSM III under "Psychosexual Disorders" I encountered several listings that led me to ask the question, "Should patients/clients continually be subject to static diagnosis?" Sadism, Masochism and Fetishism are the three diagnostic categories of which I have an increased awareness during the course of my stay in Fairleigh Dickinson University, specifically New York City. Many men that I know practice one or two if not all three of these acts. However I am not sure that they should be considered mentally ill.

My initial reaction to the listings of Sadism, Masochism and Fetishism was one of astonishment at first. Although homosexuality is not considered a mental disorder, unless ego-dystonic, many homosexuals practice the three former "disorders" and consider them as part of their daily lives—healthy lives, that is. Now these people do fit the criteria for the above disorders, as indicated by DSM III, yet they live normal lives with the same joys and problems that we, "the normal people," encounter. Is there a distinction between these people and those that are considered mentally ill? Should those that practice these acts be considered mentally ill? Their lives are normal in all aspects. That is, they work, have relationships, have lovers, etc. Does the act itself (S&M, fetishism) warrant any diagnostic label? These people think not. They are not in analysis—nor are they seeking professional help. They feel there is no problem.

Even public establishments are set up catering to these individuals. Only recently the Mineshaft, a heavy leather sex (S&M) bar, was closed but not due to the nature of the sex that was going on, but rather to control the spread of AIDS. There are a number of other

sex clubs established primarily for fetishisms and S&M. Publications, membership clubs and newsletters also reinforce these so called "Psychosexual Disorders" as not only normal, but healthy.

I do not believe that these people warrant the diagnosis of having a psychosexual disorder. What people do together in order to reach sexual excitement is purely their own business. What limitations? That is up to the individuals involved. These are consenting adults that know what they are doing.

I feel that the only individuals that do warrant the diagnostic categorizing of a Psychosexual Disorder are: 1) those who do not like what they are doing and want to stop, 2) those who are forced against their own will to participate in such activities and 3) those that force them, physically or psychologically.

So why should we use diagnostic labels? I feel we should not. They are not accurate and lead to permanent character defamation. I am sure everybody fits into one or two of the DSM III categories but feels that they are not mentally disturbed. Individuals seeking treatment for any presenting symptoms should be handled individually, not made to merely fit into a category. The DSM III should be used for reference, not diagnosis.

When do we draw the line between normality and abnormality? Those people who practice fetishes, sadism and masochism to play out fantasy or for sexual enjoyment are no more sick than the "Reverend Fallwells" that fantasize about being "our savior"! It is all fantasy. The DSM III is only necessary to understand people who may fit into a diagnosis, for those people unhappy or discontent with their behavior, and for those who cannot separate the fantasy from reality by causing harm to others and themselves.

Kenny Boudreaux, NJ

DRUMMER AND SAFE SEX

This question is eventually going to come up, it if hasn't already. "What is *Drummer's* position on safe sex—or better yet—what is our position on unsafe sex? Why would *Drummer* publish stories and show artwork and/or photographs of practices which could be construed as being unsafe in the present light of The Plague.

Good question(s). And here is our official position. Pay attention:

Drummer is in no way to be construed as a "How To" manual for safe sex. Consider it an "Instead Of," where its fantasy figures are perhaps doing the things that you no longer should do. *Drummer* has always been a release for pent-up drives. In smaller communities around the world, or even bigger ones, the word has always been that you can always grab an issue of *Drummer* in one hand, your joystick in the other and get off. How safe can sex get? No strangers in the night, no dark alleys, no hot, sweaty steam-baths, no standing being ignored in bars for hours, no brushes with the local law (many of which are throwbacks to the dark ages). Your imagination can soar along with *Drummer's* writers' and illustrators', then you can turn over and go to sleep.

Charles Pierce's line about the definition of a perfect lover being someone who makes wild love to you until he turns into a pizza at four in the morning, is not without its virtues. A cum-stained, dog-eared copy of *Drummer* can be a man's best friend.



There are many things that you should not do with strangers, or even friends, these days. Exchanging body fluids is at the top of that list. If in our fiction section's purple prose such things happen, nobody is any worse off for it than the sticky typewriter the author pounded it out on.

Drummer has always had something positive to say about our lifestyle and the men who live it. At its best it has been eloquent and educational. At its worst it has been head and shoulders over its imitators. The letters we have gotten through the years from men all over the country (and the world) telling us that they have found something in *Drummer* to identify with, something to relieve their minds that they were not alone in their sexual or emotional orientation, are a constant source of fulfillment for us.

No one has written saying they have gotten into problems because they have tried something they have read on *Drummer's* pages. Our readers are far too bright for that.

You know what you must and must not do, until more is known about the virus which can cause AIDS. Without wallowing in the subject, we have run exceptional articles on the best information available. Elsewhere on this page is a very concise capsulation. Follow it, live by it and get some of your missing jollies from your old friend *Drummer*.

But be gentle. He's been showing you the way for almost eleven long years now.

Robert Payne

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

We quote from L. Patrick Gage, vice president for exploratory research at Hoffman-LaRoche pharmaceutical company, explaining why his company hasn't gone all-out to develop AIDS drugs.

'This will sound awful, but you have to understand that a million people isn't a market that's exciting. Sure, it's growing, but it's not an asthma or a rheumatoid arthritis.'

FAIR-WEATHER FRIENDS

We came across the following letter in the Bay Area Reporter. It speaks volumes and needs no further word from us.

The time is fast approaching. Perhaps the end will have arrived by the time you read this.

He has/had AIDS. He valued your friendship so much when he was healthy, but you stayed away when he really needed and wanted you.

You were too busy with your job to call or visit. You were uncomfortable with his "straight" family being here. You didn't have time to send a card. You said "no" when he asked if he could borrow a few bucks to take me out to dinner on our anniversary because "I'm a little short this month."

You couldn't sit with him one evening when I had to work late because you had "another engagement."

So, please, don't insult his memory by telling me at his services how much you will miss him and how much you cared for him.

His Lover
(Name Withheld upon Request)
San Francisco, CA

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- ☐ **KID VS DAD—WINNER TAKES ALL** Ever wrestle with your Old Man? Ever wonder what would happen if those sessions got Dad hot?
- ☐ **MY DADDY WAS BAD** Patience and understanding goes out the window and Daddy starts his boy's training by not sparing the rod.
- ☐ **DRUMMER DADDIES 2** Train 'em right, they'll be a pleasure forever. Both the boy and you will be the better for having been there.
- ☐ **rites and Raunch** Warning: Don't order this tape unless you're prepared to listen to some really wild stuff. Hot male bonding.
- ☐ **HOT HUNG TRUCKER** Teamster picks up a not-so-innocent hitchhiker. When they drop to the floor of the cab, you'll find out how this tape got its name. It's real and you are there!
- ☐ **MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY** Five hot bodybuilders, after a sweaty workout, stripping down to sweat-drench jockstraps. They get so hot they don't give a shit who walks in.
- ☐ **DELIVERY BOY COMES AGAIN** Richie is the new driver on the route who is curious when he finds himself delivering beer to a gay bar. Hot and heavy session. Kinky as well.
- ☐ **BIKE EXHIBITIONIST** A mean, dirty muscular biker who gets talked into posing. But things get out of hand and he forces you to...
- ☐ **AL PARKER AS THE REPAIRMAN** Porn star Al Parker in his only audio tape. Al's a repairman who drops in on a guy who's wife isn't home. One of the kinkiest scenes ever recorded. 45 minutes.
- ☐ **MASTER MARIO/GREASE MONKEYS** Two sweaty garage mechanics rape a guy hanging around the men's room. Lots of axle grease and dirty talk and action.
- ☐ **MASTER MARIO/THE D.I.** Authentic military discipline as a tough Drill Instructor takes charge with heavy verbal abuse and forced body worship. This D.I. is in command.
- ☐ **MARINES OVERHEARD** Two hot and very horny young Marines in the barracks latrine. If you like your action raunchy—hot military scenes, uniforms while a hot marine squats on your face, this is for you.
- ☐ **MASTER MARIO/THE COP** A mean police officer forces a suspect to service his body in a show of brute perverted force.
- ☐ **COP WORSHIP** One man narrative style. Your cop fantasies come to life. Into cops? You will listen to this tape again and again.
- ☐ **THE COMMANDER SPEAKS** "I am your big brother, your daddy, your commanding officer. I am every big man you ever saw in your whole fuckin' life." Just part of the verbal abuse and humiliation the Commander is going to heap on you.
- ☐ **COMPOUND TAPES. 1/THE INTERROGATION** D.I. Brutus is a Master who knows how to deliver some heavy abuse, both physical and mental. Mean and loud and you know who he is talking to.
- ☐ **Tape 2/THE TRAINING BEGINS AT THE COMPOUND** Brutus lays it on as his recruit responds willingly and unwillingly, submitting to the D.I.'s heavy hand and busy belt. Breathtaking!
- ☐ **Tape 3/PUNISHMENT & REWARD** When Brutus speaks, men listen as will you when he tells you how it is and how it is going to be. 60 minutes of intense verbal abuse.

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☐ **CONSIDER THIS AD AS ONE BIG COUPON.** Cut the fucker out, check the tapes you want, enclose \$9.95 per tape plus a buck each for postage and handling if you order less than five tapes. Five or more, we pay the postage. If you wish to pay by credit card, fill out line below.

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Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MALECALL

ONE OF A KIND

I don't usually write to a magazine, but I just had to write to you about the cover of *Drummer* 87. Wow! Can we see more of that hunk?

I enjoy all of your magazine. It's one of the few that I read from cover to cover. There's nothing comparable to it on the market. I like Drumsticks I think humor is important. And I'm glad to see that we have a poet like Augie Camelli who reflects our lifestyle.

I can hardly wait for the next sh. Keep up the good work.

Kipp

Address Unknown

(Editor's note: Mickey Squires, our cover-man of Drummer 87 as well as star of the new joys of Self-Abuse shows another side of himself to our carpenters who were just leaving because there was a nude man on the premises.)

VICIOUS GOSSIP

A dangling modifier...

...is what mine was after reading T. R. Witomski's "literary commentary" on T(heophilus) R(oderick) Wo-is-me's new tome, "Vicious Gossip." I immediately went to "A Different Light" bookstore to 1) buy several additional copies of *Drummer* in order to give the review to some writer friends of mine, and 2) to try to get the lowdown on *Vicious Gossip*. I thought there was a fair chance it might actually exist.

My theory was that T.R. had a book review due for *Drummer*, but while walking naxed around his apartment for nineteen days living on halves of bananas (what happened to the other halves?) he neglected his required reading in favor of finishing his latest work. As push came to shove, T.R.'s panic transformed into sheer bio-terror by weeks of acute circadian arrhythmia, cases of cheap vodka and chin hair torture, managed to shock his stunned synapses into producing the jewel which appears on page 79 in *Drummer* 88.

After sludging through pages of the usual "...pink puckerhole impaled on his purple manshaft..." I thought I had passed-out and was dreaming when I came upon T.R.'s gem.

If you can persuade him to write erotica

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PUBLISHED BY PATRICK MURPHY

sale in the U.S. when I have been on vacation there.

When I last saw a *Drummer* magazine it had an article about a place where guys could spend a weekend as Masters and slaves.

I am hoping to have a vacation in the U.S. later this year or early next year. Could you please advise me as to if there is somewhere I could stay as a slave

A few years ago, I read a true story of a young American guy who decided to be a slave for life. He flew from one side of the U.S. to the other and entered a slave training school where he would go through a three-week slave training course before being sent out to Masters.

I am a very pro-American guy. My greatest ambition is to live in the U.S. for the rest of my life. If the only way I can do that is as a slave, then so be it. By the way, I am a healthy, virile, gym-trained 37-year-old

It may interest you to know that over the last three years I have had several photos published on your Tough Customers page.

Roger C.

London, England

(Editor's note: We know of the Training Center in St. Louis, Missouri and The Compound in San Francisco, California. Send one more picture to Tough Customers and we'll include your offer to be trained and serve.)

STUNNINGLY EROTIC

You constantly produce photos and films which cause my cock to become so hard it aches. I am frequently amazed by your imaginative ideas. I have an idea for a photo essay which may not fit into traditional S&M but which could be stunningly erotic.

Take two hunky dudes (Al Parker and Scott O'Hara would do nicely) and strip off all their clothes. One of them should have all his body hair shaved off. Then show them being forced to paint each other all over with metallic silver paint. They should be covered from head to toe, hair and all, thereby transforming them from human beings to shiny pieces of sculpture. You might dress them in silver jockstraps.

Next, chain them to a cross and put them on display in some public place.

[illegible]

MICKEY SQUIRES: *Showing another side*

as thrilling as his vivisection of the experience of writing *Vicious Gossip*, you need never share Sakkcloth and Ashes' temptation to heterosexualize stories to broaden your bottom line. The problem will be keeping your mags on the shelves!

Bob Bradford

West Hollywood CA

TRAINING SCHOOL

I have been a great fan of *Drummer* for several years. In fact, you can have not more a loyal British fan than myself. However, I have not seen a copy of *Drummer* for about three years as *Drummer* is very difficult to obtain here in the U.K. In fact, come to think of it, I have never seen it on

perhaps a museum or a street corner. Think of their total humiliation as they are exhibited for everyone to ridicule because of their predicament. You could even have bystanders pelt them with tomatoes, eggs or other substances, or perhaps pour motor oil all over them. The possibilities are endless.

What about it? It may be bizarre, but if anybody will tackle this, *Drummer* will. I hope to see a silver edition soon.

Stan
Address Unknown

BEER BELLIES

I really enjoy your magazine. I especially love the pictures of the beer-bellied, cigar-smoking cops, or anyone else with a gut. Have you ever devoted an article to big bellies?

C.F.
New York, NY

(Editor's note: Thanks for the idea. We have printed several articles on cigars, the last one a photo essay on the Cigar Studs with sizzling photos by Jim Wigler in *Drummer* 74. In the same issue we also featured a spread on John Kass doing a "Cigar Strip.")

AVID READER

I have been reading *Drummer* for years. The oldest one in my collection is *Drummer* 7, July 1976. I have acquired skill, consciousness and a feeling of community from your magazine, and as well have shot some great loads on its pages.

I especially like the in-depth stories that include situation and psychology—*After Closing Time*, *Crown of Thorns*, *Taxman*, *Gravestone*, *Pedro*—but I appreciate it all. Keep up the good work!

Bruce Soldet
Boston, MA

MAN OF THE ROAD

I'm a thirty-six-year-old long-distance trucker who has been reading and enjoying *Drummer* since I started driving five years ago. In the course of the miles I've covered I have been pleased to find that there is a sizeable group of fellow truckers who also appreciate a quality men's publication, one which more accurately portrays the male sex scene than the average gay mags that utilize effeminate, soft, boyish types in the majority of their photo spreads.

I would like to explore the possibility of being part of a feature depicting the men who have dedicated themselves to the open road and its concurrent lifestyles, or for any other feature for which you feel I may be qualified. Please consider my photo and let me know if such a chance exists.

B.D.
New Jersey

(Editor's note: It does indeed. We have reproduced your photo herein and invite other truckers or trucker-types to send in their shots.)



STOKERS AND STUDS: A photo essay by Jim Wigler



LONG-DISTANCE TRUCKER: Member of a sizable group

DEBONNAIRIES

GROVELING DAD

I had wanted a young top son to submit to and to obey and worship for so long that I feared my fantasies would remain unfulfilled. Then I met my Master/son, Chuck. Chuck is slim and somewhat shorter than I and that is ideal for my groveling, begging and pleading submission and obedience to him.

I am older than Chuck, being in my mid-40s, but I need him and he needs me. I am a white man, 5'9", 150 lbs., 8 cut, brown hair, greying and a fairly firm build. I have a very hairy body. I am in very good shape (better than many fellows in their 30s). Only my face seems older, but that is not important for his use, training and abuse of me. My sole desire is to grovel and to submit and to be of service to my son.

I often beg my son to let me suck his cock, to have his cock going down my deep throat and to have my throat muscles massaging his hard cock—to feel his cum shooting down into my stomach. For this I can hold my breath for nearly one minute. I love to grovel and beg him to face-fuck my mouth-cunt as I completely surrender my body to the thrusts of his cock and the uncontrollable violence of his satisfaction—of his needs.

In order to satisfy my desires my son commands me to take off my clothing and lie naked on the rug, groveling while begging, pleading to be his groveling cocksucker. Dad anxious for him to belt my ass until I have the proper attitude and submission to him.

I want to and beg to suck his asshole. I plead for him to relax his asshole muscles so that I can be sure I have licked his asshole clean. I can feel him twisting my balls because I must be more thorough and penetrating in licking his asshole clean. My mouth is on his asshole, my tongue reaching in and perhaps finding one of his studly shit-turds. My

tongue discovers the wonderful taste of his slimy turds.

I beg to lick and suck his balls, most lovingly, to treat his family jewels as the most precious balls in the world.

Sometimes my son likes to squeeze my balls or to have me stand with my legs apart so that he can hang weights on my balls, or attach a leash onto my balls by which he can guide me or let me know that he is in control.

I beg to worship his cock and to love his cock as he deserves. I want to drink his piss, all of his piss. I beg him to drink lots of beer so that his piss quenches my thirst. I suck his cock or hold his cock in my mouth all night or whenever he wishes to rest, and I am a convenient urinal for the comfort of his needs. I will worship his asshole all night or whenever he wishes to sleep and take his farts into my mouth.

My asshole-pussy is also available for his use and enjoyment, whether he wishes to fuck me or stuff me, though a medium-diameter plug or dildo is approximately my limit. I have worked hard to stretch my limits as far as I can for my son.

My son and I are in good health and that is important to me so that we do not pass any illness or disease to each other.

I do not make any requirements as to what my son does to me—I merely indicate some limits important to me. My son understands that my limits are no marks or changes on the external body appearance (haircutting and shaving are the two exceptions). Also, no damage or injuries either external or internal, no piercing or bleeding, and no excessive pain. I can otherwise take a lot of SM and B/D to a moderate degree.

In all other respects and in other action or training, I leave all matters, choices and decisions completely to my son's control. I have tried to

leave open to his selection as much action as possible, so that he may otherwise do whatever he damn-well pleases right from the start.

As I wish him to have as much control, use and enjoyment of my body as possible, he may often decide to choose to expand any of the actions or scenes open to us. He makes all the decisions and choices; my only concern is to submit and to obey and to do my best to give him the pleasure and use of me that he wants and enjoys.

I beg him to be relentless in bringing me into a groveling, submissive attitude, anxious to obey and to have him take complete control of my body, tenacious in training me to be exactly what he wants, making me eager to serve him and to love and worship any aspect or function of his body.

It is important to me that he loves me, that I have come to love and worship him. The purpose of my existence and of his control and use of my body are for the purpose of exalting him, that he may be worshipped and loved by me, and I expect him to take advantage of any opportunity that pleases him so that I may grovel completely before him, begging and pleading that he make use of any service or obedience that interests him.

As his groveling dad, I love and worship him completely and without reservation, literally. The more way-out or depraved the action, discipline or torture, and the more thoroughly and relentlessly he enforces his objective upon me, the greater my worship of him. My body and services are his property and I have no rights or claims.

In public, I am always respectful towards him. This is often obvious to others as I address him as "Sir," I open doors for him, or in a bar I go after his beer, and I always respectfully wait for his orders, desires or comments. However, all "intimate action" between us is in private and where, as and when he desires.

As a good dad, I love and worship my son and regard him as much better and greatly superior. I dedicate my life and body to the happiness and satisfaction of my son, so that

he may have things that are pleasant and give better quality to his life. I have given myself to him for his happiness and have given him my body for his use and control for whatever purposes he wishes.

S.W.

Stockholm, Sweden

PLEDGE BOY

I found my Master during my short stay in college. As a champion gymnast I was awarded a sports scholarship. But after the first two quarters, I lost it for academic reasons.

I needed money. The financial aid office arranged for me to work part-time for a young professor. That's how I met my Master. I knew from the first moment I saw him that I'd do anything for him. It seemed predestined that I'd wind up giving myself totally to him.

Soon after our first meeting, I moved in with him. The university is in a rural area, and his house is situated a few miles off campus on several wooded acres in a very secluded area.

It was in this house that Master trained me to serve him and to suffer for him. At first the training was hard and cruel. When I was locked in a box for those many days, I couldn't help thinking about time. When my daddy first fist-fucked me, I thought he'd rip out my guts. I passed out from the fear and the pain. The first time my daddy hung me from a tree and put his bullwhip to my body, I thought the tears would never stop and that the entire world would hear my screams. But now there is nothing I cannot endure. I love submitting to him. I relish the degradation he subjects me to, and I yearn for the pain he puts into me. I love serving my Master.

My daddy wants me to keep myself totally shaven. Sometimes daddy tells me to leave some hair on my head. I must always be sure my ass is clean so my daddy can fuck me anytime he wants. I must exercise every day to keep in shape because my daddy likes me to have a firm, tight body. My daddy doesn't want me to wear any clothes in the house or anywhere around it outside. In fact, the only possessions I have are tattered jeans, skimpy gym shorts, a thin T-shirt and a pair of worn tennis

shoes. My daddy tells me to never answer the door without his permission and when I'm outside I must be careful I'm not seen by a stranger passing by. The last time he thought I was seen by someone by the house, he encased my body in rubber and hung me from the ceiling for several days.

I must do all the cooking, cleaning and all the other work around the house. When daddy wants, I'll help him with paperwork he has for his classes.

I don't spend all my time at the house. My daddy takes me hiking, biking, swimming and fishing. Daddy will wear his boots, jeans and sometimes a T-shirt. I go naked. There is usually no one around but occasionally we'll run into some people who get a kick out of seeing me without any clothes.

Daddy will also take me with him when he goes to the store or has other errands to run. If it's especially hot outside, I can only wear my gym shorts that are whitish grey and paper thin from wear and all the washings. It isn't hard to see right through them. People make remarks about my attire. A lot of people stare at my crotch.

On weekends and some weeknights my daddy will have friends over. They come over to eat and drink, play cards and games, watch TV or a movie off the VCR. My daddy tells me I must serve his guests and provide them with what they please. As always I'm the only one totally naked.

Often after eating they like to watch me eat with my hands tied behind my back from a bowl on the floor. They will call or just signal for me when they have to piss. No matter how much they go, I will swallow all they let out without missing a drop. While playing games or watching the tube, they have me suck on their cocks, lick their balls or rim their assholes. Before they leave, they take at least one turn each fisting or fucking me up the ass.

One thing my daddy has me do I really don't like doing. He knows guys at several of the fraternities on campus. He lets them use me for their pledge initiations. I know its coming



PHOTO BY B. J. BRADFORD

when my daddy tells me to stop shaving for awhile. The routine is always the same. At night daddy will either drive me or someone will pick me up to take me to the frat house. The guys are usually partying and have already spent some time harrasing pledges. When I get there the frat brothers congregate into

one room. The pledgemaster introduces me to the group as an honorary pledge who will remain anonymous. I'm the pledge cunt for the night. I'll suck my fellow pledges and let them fuck me up the ass.

The pledges are kept separated. The idea is to have the pledges think a fellow pledge is sucking their cocks and that

they are fucking a fellow pledge. If I'm wearing my jeans or my shorts, I take them off so I'm naked. I'm given a lone-ranger type mask as kind of a disguise. The pledges being initiated are so hyper they actually do think I'm a fellow pledge. For a long time afterwards they wonder which one of them it was. It's not till

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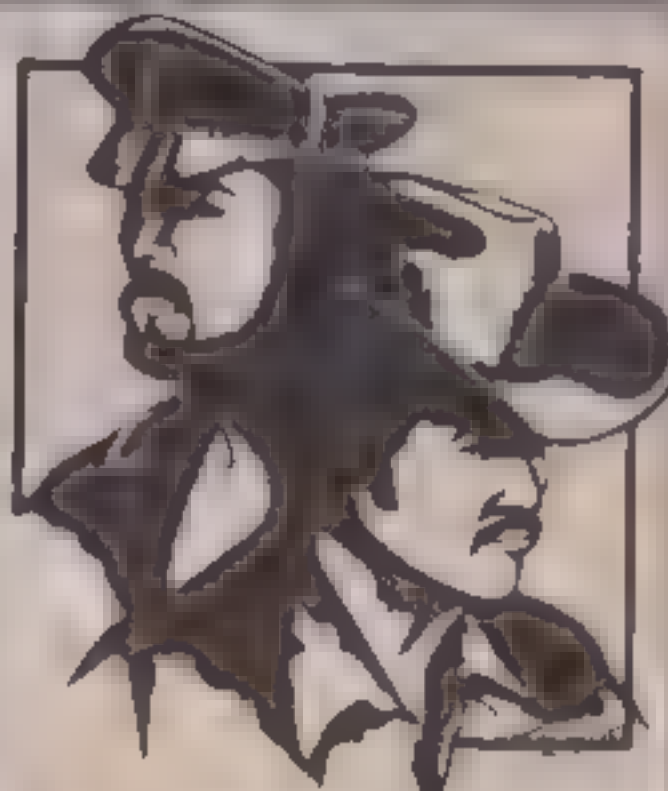
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the next initiation that they discover the truth.

With the mask on, I get on all fours and a sheet is thrown over me. The pledges are brought in one at a time. If he has any clothes on, he's told to strip. He's told that anyone who joins the fraternity must be a good fuck and that he's a lucky pledge because they matched the pledges up and he's a fucker, not a fuckee. Taking the sheet off me, the pledge is told, "He's your fuckee. We want to see you fuck him good."

The pledge is flabbergasted when I'm told to suck on him and get him hard. As I suck on his cock the stupified pledge doesn't know what to do with himself. He doesn't know if he should look down at me or up at his crowing brothers. In no time the pledge has a hard-on.

The pledge is then told to fuck me. Still on all fours I turn my ass toward him. The pledge is helped down to his knees. Reluctantly he moves his dick to my asshole and he clumsily pushes it in. Cajoled to fuck he begins to pump. I move my ass to help him along. Told he can't quit until he comes, the pledge quickens his gyrations and squirts his stuff. With a plop he removes his deflating cum-smear from my ass. The onlooking group of mocking brothers let out a cheer. The same scenario is repeated with all the pledges.

I guess I've done as many as fifteen pledges in a night. The demeaning brothers act as if they don't appreciate my participation. They treat me like a hunk of meat to be skewered on a spit. But my daddy wants me to do it, so it's okay with me.

My daddy told me to write this letter. I do hope you and daddy like it.

Daddy Steve's son, Paul
Chicago, IL

Do you have a Daddy/son story to tell? Don't just sit there jerking off—get off your ass and write it out (or better yet, type it and save us the eye-strain). You'll get off when you see your story in print—and so will a lot of other Daddies and sons! Send to: Drummer Daddies, Drummer, 640 Natoma Street, San Francisco, California 94103. □



PHOTO COURTESY OF TARGET STUDIOS



Get your hands out of my pits for chrissake and attach the fucking electrodes to my balls asshole!"

DRUMMER FICTION

PRIVATE KIRKOWAY

BY JOHN PRESTON



PRIVATE KIROWSKY

I was trying not to tremble. I had done so much to avoid just this situation. The sweat on my forehead was cold. The stink from my armpits was sour. The three people in the room were almost blurred in my fear.

"Colonel Langley's responsibilities as adjunct include discipline. That's why he's here." The old commandant nodded towards me. "There is little doubt that discipline is needed in this situation."

Naked flesh streaked with blood dripping flashed through my mind. Yells and screams filled my head in the silence of the office.

The young cadet who had caused the whole situation sprawled in a chair across from me. He sneered at this predicament and seemed to be honestly unconcerned.

The headmaster noted the sullen presence and went on. "Colonel Langley's responsibilities include corporal punishment, something explicitly allowed in a private military institution such as ours. It's obvious, Private Kirowsky, that only that will intrude on your dense S-avic mind."

The boy's body tightened with recognition; he turned towards the woman beside him. "Yes, General O'Hara says you must be punished, or they'll kick you out and see that you're sent to reform school. I've agreed to it. If you had had a father to do this ten years ago, maybe you wouldn't be in such trouble today."

Kirowsky's broad blond face turned and asked the old man, "You're going to beat me?"

"That is Colonel Langley's role. I know he will perform it admirably. And I necessarily have the captains of the football team hear to witness and to hold you." The threat of public humiliation made the boy hesitate. "Don't misunderstand, Private Kirowsky, we can send you to reform school. You have been caught in blatant defiance of the law, you were stealing! And you are in possession of marijuana. You can be tried in this state, and if you don't submit to this punishment now and straighten up for the year, you will go on trial. I will not protect the good name of this school at the price of an unrepentant, unpunished criminal being loosened on society."

"Your penalty is twenty-five strokes with a paddle on the bare buttocks."

I barely noticed the boy jerk at the severity of the sentence. My mind was back in New York, the city I had escaped from. The place where I again saw a man's body hung from the limbs against a harsh brick wall, his voice pleading for mercy. I had come to this quiet Wisconsin town to escape that vision from last Spring. The time when I had lost control.

I remembered my friend warning me, "There's nothing worse than an 'S' who's lost self-discipline. I don't know what's happened to you, Jessie, but you would have killed that guy if we hadn't come in. You were beating him without purpose, senselessly. Just beating him! There was no fantasy, no trip, no playing off what he wanted. Why, Jess, why were you trying to hurt him so badly?"

I had tried to explain that flood of anger. The feelings of isolation that were just reinforced by tricking with vapid people no more willing or able to relate than I. It got nowhere with him. "Look, so far as I'm concerned, you're like an alcoholic. An addict who can't even have a taste. This isn't the first time you've gone too far and hurt someone. Jesus, man, if we hadn't

stopped you! But the minute you get a taste, you're off whole hog. You just can't have any until you've learned self-control. Until you can channel all these emotions into a purpose. If you let all this anger just flow out indiscriminately, no good can come from it. No 'S' can be that way. The essence of S&M is control, Jess, controlling for a reason. Not the shit you pulled last night."

"You and he were both lucky; no police, no hospitals. There's no permanent damage. Hell, he'll eventually be proud of a few light scars on his back. But no more, man. I'm sending out the word to everyone to avoid you. Just cold turkey, until you can get yourself together."

He hadn't needed to do that. My decision had already been made. When they had broken into my apartment after hearing him scream and had held my arms to keep me from using the heavy black snake on him again. I had suddenly seen a sight so ugly, I had vowed it would never be repeated. Before me, bound against my wall was a body, its surface covered with dark, moving blots of red/blue blood. Its form devoid of attraction, the whole thing a scene of pathetic lack of sexuality. I had had enough.

Enough of S&M and pain and brutality and the lonely isolation of New York City. Enough, I thought, to last me a lifetime. In a few short months I had wound up my affairs, found a low paying job as assistant principal in this military junior college in this midwestern village. I had bought a small farm, and had begun planning a life alone. One where the ugliness I had seen in myself would never again be displayed.

But this eighteen-year-old day student who paraded marijuana in a place where a joint was equivalent to a gram of heroin had insisted on stealing a teacher's car for a joy ride. I wanted him to opt for the reform school. The stupid ass. He was only passing time in a junior college his mother couldn't afford. He had asked for the attention.

I did not want to beat the boy. I had never dreamt it would be my place to do it. But O'Hara had presented it to me like a sacred trust. How could I explain to the old man that it was dangerous? I had tried to verbalize modern theories of pedagogy, but they had been waved aside with Irish impatience and prejudice. "You don't understand the Slavs, Langley. The Irish, the Germans, even the Italians, will give into the teachings of the school. But Slavs have to be taught tough, military discipline. Especially malcontents like Kirowsky. If we let him get away with this, every boy in school will be trying something like it. Marijuana in Wisconsin? Being from New York that may not sound like anything to you, but here it has to be stopped. It cannot be allowed."

Twenty-five swats with a paddle! My skin felt cold on my hands as I thought of it. Since I had arrived in Wisconsin I had avoided sex of any kind. The English teacher down the hall had invited—as well as he knew how in his naive way. I was surrounded by teenagers some of whom had to be homosexual, but I had put up my own barriers, no longer sure that sex could exist for me without the S&M I was trying to avoid. But here the hulking blond boy stared at me across the room and I started to think of his naked ass. The fear was, luckily, I thought, too great. I had, thankfully, no erection. Maybe, finally, I had learned control.

"We'll leave you now for the punishment. Colonel Langley,

your duty!" The principal's military overstatement was almost a form of comic relief. He and a now also comically weeping mother stood and left the room.

The old man had told me the ritualized procedure. He had purposely left his desk cleared. My sweat glands were again working full force and I felt them soaking the fabric of my shirt. I stood, and even though I had been so aware of the wetness, I was startled when I removed my uniform jacket and saw the size of the dark stains spreading across my chest.

It didn't mean a thing to Kirowsky. He sat there with a look of intrigue on his face. "Yeah, Colonel, what next?"

The little bastard! Cool, though. He had a coolness I had to try to gain for myself. "Up."

Slowly he stood, placing his hands on his hips, daring me? He was big. I was bigger. He thought he was wise, I had grown up in the worst slums of Boston and had forced my way up and out with a football scholarship and a tour in Vietnam as way stations to a Ph.D. in education. No match. I realized all that and relaxed a bit. A simple spanking for a juvenile delinquent for Chris-sakes. I am a man angry with the world. So what? If I can't deal with this... "Drop your pants, cadet, and over the desk!"

He's going to play tough guy. Okay, we'll see. He slowly undid the uniform slacks and, too slowly, leaned over the desk. "You going to like this Colonel?"

I had long ago decided never to fall for that line. My homosexuality and my here-clearly-defined job were separate. No punk cadet in a third rate military school was going to pull a cheap shot blackmail number on me. "The shorts, too."

His smirk vanished when he saw I wasn't so easily defeated, and I thought, over the humiliations of dragging the worn white cotton briefs over his buttocks. My sweat turned on again at the sight of the large blond fuzz ass sticking in the air. The skin had that tautness that only youth has, pulled tight across firm, fatty flesh. His pants dropped down to the floor. His thighs were massive. His calves below the jockey shorts caught on his knees were heavily rounded. In ten, maybe fifteen years, all this would droop with one of the big bellies of the other Polish men in the neighboring towns, beerfed into obesity. But now, the blond youthfulness captured its own beauty. The cheap uniform and the greying underwear highlighted a vitality I hadn't seen in years in New York. I flicked up his shirt tail to reveal the wholeness of his ass and prayed I wouldn't get hard. I circled around to be able to swing with my right arm. I picked up the paddle.

His face turned to look at me. Was that hatred? "You're to count the strokes. If you're stupid enough not to, the stroke doesn't count."

"Will you like this, Colonel?" The tone had changed. How? What did he mean now? I swung my arm up and slammed the paddle—Whack!—onto those white mounds. The first strip on flesh. "One."

Whack! "Two."

I didn't want to do this! I sweated more. Whack! "Three." The lines were broad. The marks overlapped one another. Whack! "Four." I couldn't help but talk as he kept count, as the wood in my hand continued branding his bareness.

"You young punk." Whack! "Five."

"Throwing yourself, your life away." Whack! "Six."

"What are you proving?" Whack! "Seven."

"That you're as worthless as they want you to be?" Whack! "Eight."

"You could take anything from life you want." Whack! "Nine."

"But no, you have to waste it all with blind rebellion." Whack! "Ten."

"What do you want?" Whack! "Eleven."

"A life on a dirt farm in Wisconsin?" Whack! "Twelve."

"A life of ignorance?" Whack! "Thirteen."

"Proving you're the asshole they think you are?" Whack! "Fourteen."

"Think you're some big Polish stud?" Whack! "Fifteen."

"Think you're set for life?" Whack! "Sixteen."

"You're not." Whack! "Seventeen."

"Resigning yourself to two years in a dead-end place like this." Whack! "Eighteen."

"Refusing to fight..." Whack! "Nineteen."

"...to do anything worthwhile." Whack! "Twenty."

"anything to further yourself." Whack! "Twenty-one."

"anything to escape this trap." Whack! "Twenty-two."

"can't even play a sport." Whack! "Twenty-three."

"wasting two years in military school." Whack! "Twenty-four."

"be worth shit!" WHACK!!! "Twenty-five."

The ass quivered beneath the long red welts crisscrossed against its surface. His voice, having ranged over every level between growl and whine was covered by deep heaving sobs. He was turned away from me, still clutching the edge of the desk, still with his pants on his ankles, his sobs of pain not subsiding.

And I, the topman from New York, dressed up in a play soldier's uniform having taken his pleasure from some poor Polack punk, released from months of abstinence by an orgasm prayerfully trapped in my shorts, stood with my arm muscles shaking with intensity; stood with my whole self on the verge of my own tears.

We stayed like that for a couple minutes. I struggled for my breath and slowly regained my composure. "Get up, son," I said when I thought my words would be calm enough.

"I can't," he gasped the words slowly. Had I hurt him badly? Fear gripped me. "Get up, you're okay."

"Please, leave me alone." He was sobbing still.

"You're supposed to be a soldier, Kirowsky. Stand up!" I grabbed his arm and jerked him up on his feet, pulling his body up, revealing a full hardon and a thick pool of cum on the surface of the desk. He pulled away from me in shame, his sobs continued for a moment. I stood there in shock at the evidence of his need until he turned back and threw his arms around my unyielding shoulders and put his head, heaving with tears, against my neck.

I didn't respond, but let him cry it out till finally exhausted, he started sniffing. As gently as I knew how, I pulled out a handkerchief and handed it to him. He blew his nose and then I used the cloth to wipe off the desk. I tossed the damp rag in the wastepaper basket. Finally, there being no words either of us dared say, he pulled up his pants and bolted, leaving me alone in the room.

I collapsed onto a chair. I stayed there silently for five minutes, sitting in a fog of confusion and nightmare. His mother came in. Now composed, she didn't wait for a greeting, but sat next to me and softly began to talk.

"Stan is a good boy inside. But, he's lonely and angry. No one has ever paid any attention to him but me, Colonel Langley. His father died long ago. I think, as children do, that he blames himself for the loneliness. These other teachers, Colonel Langley," she looked more firmly at me, "they don't want to understand this. They're narrow people. You, you're an expert, so they tell me. You have degrees these others don't even know about. And you've been places, seen things... you might be able to straighten Stan out. That's why I work to pay for this military academy. If you can... do anything you must... he must have a strong man in his life, Colonel. These others, they have already given up on him. Don't you do it too, please." She gripped my hand before removing hers and left me in a state of confusion even worse than before.

The school day was almost over. I went home to my farmhouse a few miles from the center of town. I stomped in, lit the wood in the fireplace and grabbed a bottle of Scotch. I suppose I was hoping that the booze could dilute some of the anxiety running through me, help me sort out the bizarre events of the day.

My romanticism had told me that I could escape my darkness by moving to the country, that I could work in a military college to educate kids—as penance? That devoting myself to that work and farming a worthless ten acres just for my own food would

be enough discipline to allow myself to leave behind that part of me that had taken pleasure in hurting others. Now, I sat with cum dried in my shorts from an almost savage beating I had inflicted on an 18-year-old Polish kid.

But he had shot, too! The implications reached way inside of me. I remembered my friend's words about control and discipline. He had been as heavy into the S&M scene as I. He wasn't putting the whole thing down, just the purposelessness of it as I had expressed it.

Control

Discipline.

Purpose

Isn't that why I worked in a military setting?

By the third Scotch, my thoughts became clearer. Resolve took over and I began to pace the floor planning and plotting. I could never seduce an 18-year-old, but in two, three years? And I could use this time. To mold, to direct, to entice, to make him want me and to make him into the bottom I had always wanted.

Planning. It called for a lot of planning and care. And self-respect. I would have to watch my own self and body. As I formed his, mine would always have to be better. Private Stanislaus Kirowsky was going to be a man, and I was going to have him!

The idea took over my being in the next week and mercifully exorcised the past demons from my mind. There was reason for what was going to happen. Stan became an obsession—but one I carefully manipulated. The next day in school, I began by staring him down everytime we passed in the small school's corridors. He blushed each time, I'm sure remembering the shame of yesterday's orgasm.

I wasn't just staring to test wills, I was measuring his body to see what adjustments needed to be made. He had that heavy flesh of Polish youth, it would have to be trimmed down considerably, hardened in places, slimmed in some, better defined in others.

The other measure I took secretly. I stayed after school that second day and went over every grade, every test score, every teacher's comment in his file. Decently bright, he had been barely passing since sixth grade, almost all C's and D's. The only bright spot was history, where the grades inched up to C+'s and B-'s. His test scores showed the same aptitude, but they showed even more intelligence than I had suspected.

And he spoke Polish! I was amazed, though I should have expected that in this ethnically rich part of the country. Fluent Polish, the gift of a second language.

After reading the teachers' remarks over eleven years though, I was amazed the kid had even a minimal interest in history. The violently anti-Slavic prejudice of the staff was blatant. These children had been taught nothing but military legends, English kings and Irish folklore.

Finished, I laid the dossier down and mapped out my strategy. It was only September. I had nearly the full year to work with before graduation. And the next year? I would deal with that later on. Three areas of specialization evolved in my mind.

First, disciplines and obedience. There would be no question of my power over him or of his subservience. The staring him down in hallways continued through the week. Every minor infraction of the rules was dealt with more severely than with any other student. I all but followed him around the building, daring him in my mind to be late for class, snide to a teacher or in any way less than a model cadet.

Two weeks of this passed; then after phoning his mother to gain her approval, I called him into my office. The preparation had worked. He came in with an air of dejection, the sullenness was already disappearing. He sat in the chair and looked past my desk at an invisible spot on the wall. His six-foot frame slouched with his hands on his lap.

My resolve held no room for niceties. "Kirowsky, you're a pig." He pursed his lips tightly, but didn't move his eyes. "You dress like a hick asshole when you're out of uniform. I've had it with your slovenly appearance. I've talked to your mother." That did it. He looked at me wide-eyed. "She tells me you won't

let her buy clothes for you, that you pick out that punk stuff yourself with summer money. She agrees it's unacceptable." He blushed as his eyes went back to his private mark on the wall.

I liked that

"I've told her that your appearance will have to change totally if you're to remain in this school, and, that if you leave the school, you'll have to go to jail on those charges Mr. O'Hara's just dying to lay on you. It doesn't look like you have much choice, does it?"

No answer.

"I asked you a question, mister!" He jumped as I bellowed across the desk.

"No, sir, I guess I haven't much choice." Were those tears as his almost whispered voice responded?

"I've taken some money from a special account for needy students. Tomorrow you and I are going to go shopping to get you some decent clothes. But clothes aren't all." He was puzzled now. "I'm buying you three pairs of slacks tomorrow, Kirowsky, each a size smaller. It's the first of October today. On the first of November I'm going to destroy the largest pair. On the first of December I'm going to destroy the next largest pair. Do you know how stupid you'd look if you haven't lost enough weight to fit those small pants in December, Kirowsky?"

Silence again.

"Answer me!" I pounded the desk standing between us.

"I would look very stupid in pants two sizes too small for me, sir." His face was burning with anger now.

"In the meantime, that ridiculous hairdo of yours goes. You're to be at my house at ten A.M. I want your hair in a military brush cut. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you have enough money for a haircut this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir." His pride was hurt by that question.

"Ten A.M. tomorrow morning. Now get out of here."

At home, I had begun my own training. My 33-year-old body still responded well to exercise and a misused set of weights began to get extra attention. I had to be in good enough shape that the man about to be would want this body of mine unhesitatingly.

Of course, there was no fund for clothes. Of course, I was paying for them myself. Stan was surprised when he found me in civilian clothes. He was even more surprised when I started my car that Saturday and headed it for Milwaukee, the opposite direction from the local stores.

His sharp haircut looked very good on him, I thought. The roundness of his head and the new short length made him seem even more blond and his eyes even bluer. I spent the whole hour and a half driving into the city debating a moustache.

My past life had acquainted me with the knowledge of the better stores in various cities, and I had had little trouble deciding just where I wanted to go in Milwaukee. As I had expected, he had never been to such a place and his bewilderment over the trip turned to awe when we entered its sanctuary of polished mahogany and beveled glass.

I briskly went up to an ostentatiously pretentious salesman and announced that I was making major purchases. Dollar signs flashed over his eyes and covered the disdain with which he had originally met Stan's uniform. I turned Stan's coming weight loss into a joke and without ever saying the words, covered the situation by leaving him with a distinct impression that I was an uncle.

Stan was speechless as the spree began. The first step was a pair of khaki pants to fit his present form, and a second with an inch taken in. The tailor cringed over that, and cried over the third: two pairs of slacks for the body to be in different shades of heavy flannel and two khakis. Also, a blue blazer and very sophisticated three-piece pinstripe suit. The tailor exclaimed that he couldn't do justice to a body he couldn't see, but I promised that the chest and shoulders would be as they were, with a little more breast. My vows to his heralded competence finally convinced him that he could do it.

I was sure the already broad chest and torso would remain

the same in dimension at least, and felt no compunction about buying a dozen shirts in oxford cloth and classic flannel patterns.

A good carcoat in heavy wool was also purchased without fear. And a dress coat.

And pairs of socks and the short-cut boxer underwear and athletic T-shirts I preferred. And three crew-neck sweaters.

The shoes were a greater problem. The Weejun loafers were an obvious choice. But I had to use every bit of self control to buy a pair of dress shoes rather than the hefty black boots I saw in the sports department.

The bill was staggering. I hope I concealed myself better than Stan, whose eyes nearly popped at the final figure. I almost had to close his jaw for him. I was very glad I had a considerable savings account left from my consulting days in New York.

The car overflowed with boxes. Even with the tailored items being delivered, our purchases filled the back seat.

My plan didn't call for friendly conversation. At lunch, I ate silently. But Stan finally spoke, "Colonel Langley, those clothes...no one in school has clothes like those...they're...they're so handsome."

I didn't respond immediately, not sure of his meaning. Then I looked hard at him. "What's the matter, too faggoty?"

"No, sir," he looked thoughtfully at his plate and then up into my eyes, "that's the last thing I'm worrying about right now."

I wouldn't have touched that line with a ten foot pole. He finished eating and we drove home. When the boxes had been transferred from my car to his old runabout, he stood self-consciously and then asked, "Colonel Langley, are you going to help me get my weight down? I mean, do you know how I can go about it?"

"On Monday, you're going to start gymnastics. I've changed your phys ed schedule. You have ten periods a week from now on—no study halls. You'll have to make up the school work at home. Oh—I changed the rest of your schedule too, no more shop—you won't need that—it's just an excuse to fuck off—so you're lined up for some extra tutoring with Mrs. Mallory. You're going to need help, from what I can see."

The next month must have been torture for him. Twice every school day he spent an hour in the gym: pushups, sit-ups, pull-ups every morning. And an hour with weights every afternoon. I had warned him about the pain at first, and it came—etched on his face when lifting a book took every ounce of energy. And I warned him about laying off working out on weekends, but I know he did, because the pain returned every Tuesday in the beginning until he learned better.

The results of that kind of schedule works wonders on a young body. And by December, he was wearing his full wardrobe and a much tighter uniform.

My plan for the fall included my being distant and harsh. The discipline had to be expected and eventually welcomed. I bird-dogged his schedule, leveling harsh penalties; I berated him savagely at midterms when his grade showed improvement, but only to the B- level. I wanted—and he needed—A's. Imposed after-hours study halls helped.

My planned self-discipline was hard on me. I never supervised the two workout periods. A just-graduated gym instructor who was up on the latest methods took Stan's determination for enthusiasm and my requests for his special attention as an executive's orders.

Mrs. Mallory was one of the oldest instructors in the school, but probably the best in the old but tried-and-true methods of instruction. My attention to her, after years of her having been taken for granted, worked wonders on both of them.

Stan's mother cooperated fully. She was delighted by the clean-cut image that was emerging; shocked by the elevating grades, and overwhelmed by a son who now came home right after school, ate full meals and went to bed by 10 P.M. every evening. I let her think it was her dream of a good boy come true and never mentioned the exhaustion he must be experiencing after the rigors of each day I had programmed.

I was careful to orchestrate the whole thing like a conductor

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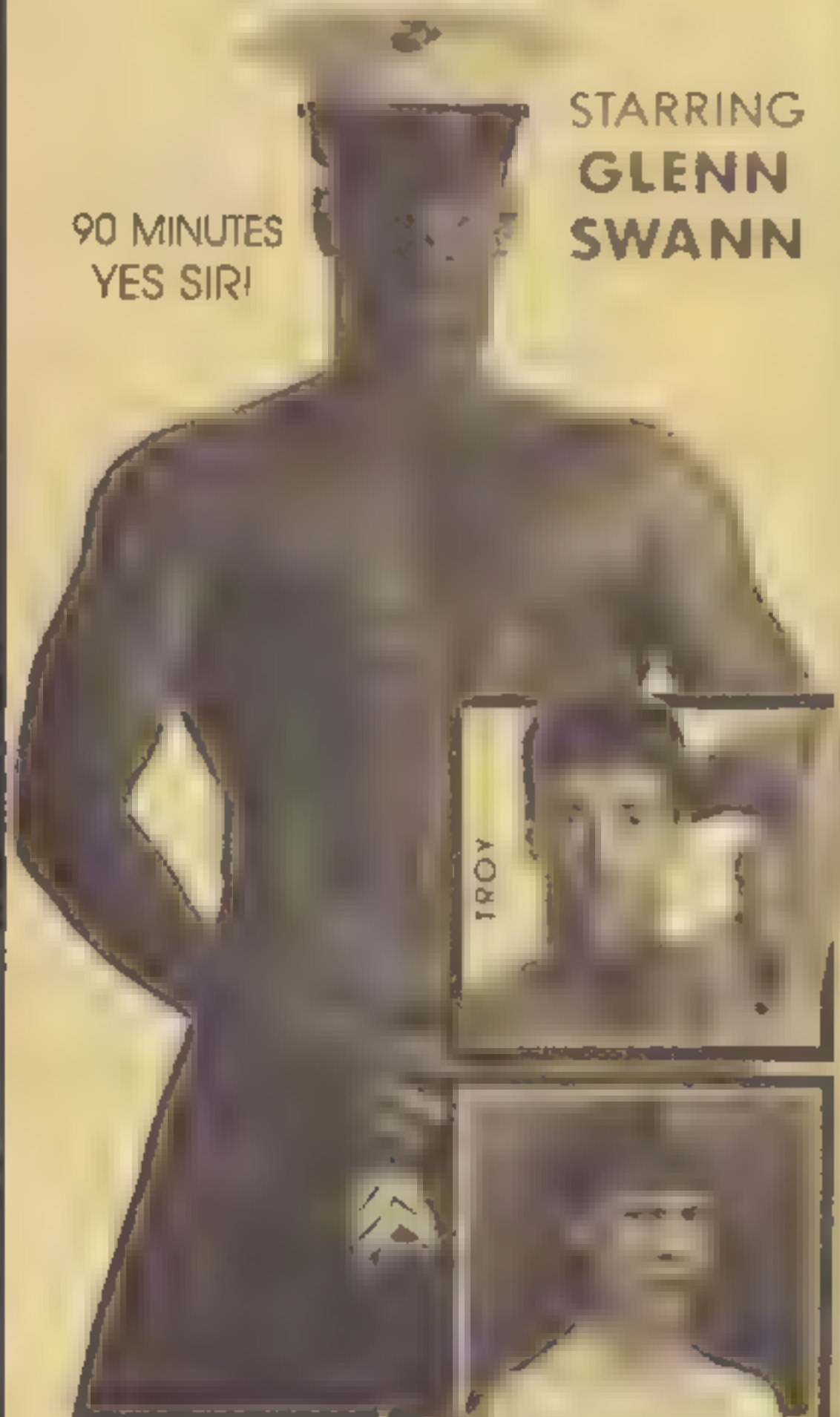
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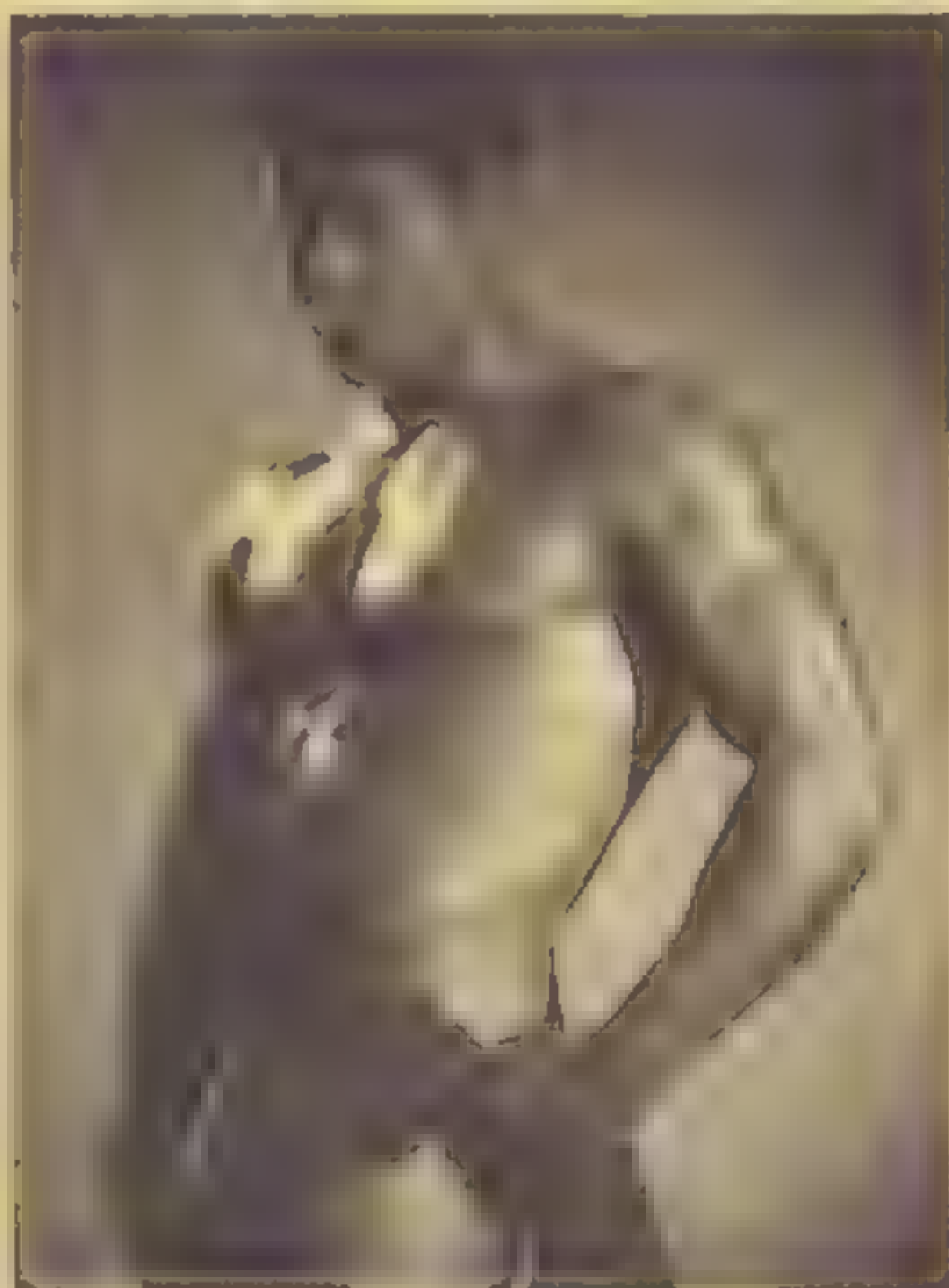


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whose baton is barely visible to the audience. And at home I read a whole new set of books and punished myself with weights, making sure I kept ahead of my secret protege.

But Stan must have known where the first chapter, at least, was coming from.

The approach of Christmas that year had depressed me. I had invitations to L.A., back to New York, Key West was always there, but now, especially, the idea of leaving Wisconsin to return to those tops on the leather trip turned me off. I would be alone this Christmas, I had decided.

On the fifteenth of December, Stan came into my office and gave me a verbal invitation to spend Christmas Day with his family. "Ma knows you are a bachelor and everything, Sir." Was he smiling in those eyes? Surprised by a turn of events I hadn't planned on, I stuttered an acceptance. I knew that as poor as they might be—living off a small pension and Stan's summer earnings and paying the bills for tuition—still, Christmas would be special in their house.

And ten days later, a handsome, self-assured Stanislaus Kirowsky opened the door of his house dressed splendidly in a trim fitting three piece suit with brightly polished shoes to wish me a Merry Christmas.

The place was filled with jolly Poles downing great quantities of beer and sausages and all getting tipsy. The festive group of aunts and uncles and cousins and neighbors all combined with exotic food and joyous good cheer to produce one of the most glorious holidays I had ever known.

And Stan

I had never tested the effects of my plan on Stan, other than making sure his attendance and deportment were perfect in school. My plan had called for distance and I had kept it. But, he had obviously told everyone in the room about me. Every stop to meet a new person was an occasion for their reciting Stan's reports of my accomplishments. Some whispered about my having saved a juvenile delinquent, others, older women, soulfully greeted one who had helped salve a mother's grief. At

every stop, a pleasantly blushing Stan was beside me, boyishly eager to take me—his honored guest—to meet everyone in the room.

The afternoon party was drawn to a close by exchanges of gifts. The laughing adults and screeching children each giving one another symbols of affection. When the paper was thrown off boxes and bags had been tossed into every corner, I stood holding a hand knit sweater from Mrs. Kirowsky and a delicate wood and straw sculpture from Stan.

His present had amazed me. The group assured me that these sculptures were his special talent. Why hadn't I known? How had such a promise escaped years of educators? The scene, a replica of a landscape drawing that hung in my office, was stunning in its presentation of the painting's perspective. But, I couldn't let them leave before I gave Stan his present. The beginning of stage two.

I had them wait while I ran into the bitter Wisconsin cold and lugged in two oppressively heavy packages. "For me?" He was obviously puzzled by their size. I nodded, the late day Vodka swimming in my head. He tore open the parcels and stood, incredulous at the volumes of books left sitting on the floor. There was every title of worth in Polish history, art, culture that existed in Milwaukee bookstores. Chopin's and Curie's biographies, and all the rest. Stage two: Stan must be proud of himself and he must be given a reason to want to learn. The Vodka in me filled the silence. "Stan is taking an independent study next semester in Polish history. And to help, each Saturday, he's going to be tutored to learn to read and write the language he already speaks." I was so happy with my loud declaration, that it took a minute to realize that the room had become silent with surprise at the magnitude of my present. Stan's mother turned to me and quietly said, "Thank you." The embarrassing stillness was filled with loud noises as the group dissembled that stack of books and chattered.

It was appropriate to leave now. When I had put on my coat, said good nights and went to the door, Stan followed me out. In

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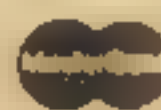
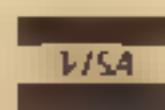
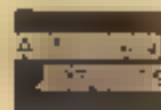
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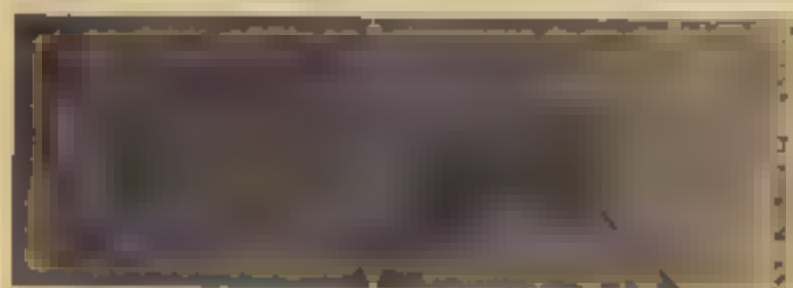
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the frigid Northern air we stood for a while until he looked up at me in the glare of the porch light. "I'm grateful, Mr. Langley. If there's any payment I can give you, any service I could do, any..." I broke him off, fearing his intent would become too obvious.

I kept to my self-imposed discipline. Still, the nightmares of other peoples' raw flesh were supplanted by the image of Stan's back stripped with loving welts. I hadn't even entered the gymnasium more than once or twice during his training periods, but now I had clear images of his muscular blond body, its spare hair coating his crotch, lining his ass.

I got through the holidays with my fantasy. But the day before school began again, I gave in. I went into the school building using my pass key; I went to his locker in the dressing room. I took out his sweat-soaked jockstrap and carried it home that night. I soaked it with amyl, pressed it against my face and spent an hour flagellating my cock with my fist. Cumming again and again thinking about Stan's cock and balls. His ass.

That was my only break. The whole year I kept it in but for that night.

The lapse, if anything, had strengthened my resolve. In January, Stan found me more unyielding than ever. He had begun an almost desperate search for my acceptance. My first phase worked out to my satisfaction. My discipline was so harsh that it was almost totally unreasonable. His subservience so complete to be humility. For the next five months, he did little to earn my public praise. Every accomplishment of his brought greater demands from me.

I no longer ever worried about witnesses. To O'Hara, Mrs. Kirowsky, the other teachers, Stan was my shining accomplishment. In months, I had taken the worst offender in the school and molded him completely to my will. The harsh discipline, the personal attention was expected in a military junior college. And Stan never broke.

Stage two was the easiest for both of us—the quiet learning together of his heritage. He found poets through the scholarly matron lady I found to teach him written Polish. Once in a while he would come and read to me in the strangely rhythmic language I could appreciate only as sound.

Summer approached. I had to get him out of the backwater military school quick. I had located a financially troubled but academically sound Jesuit college back East that welcomed a student who had turned around his academic record so strikingly in his senior year. Especially since he was presented as the recipient of an until now unheard of scholarship.

I had convinced Stan of the need to keep up his physical exercise, and during that summer he had hired himself off as a hand on one of the big farms nearby. Two, sometimes three times a week, he would come by the house and find me still working on the renovations in the late afternoon. Both comfortably fatigued by our hard labor, our good-smelling bodies joined in slightly more relaxed camaraderie than I had ever allowed in the military setting. We would share a couple of beers I now felt him old enough for. But each night became more bitter to me. Each brought his departure closer.

Phase one was certainly completed as a great success; his body formed in sharp lines now tinted by summer tan. And phase two: his Polish language and history gave him a purpose and reason for his coming studies and education that would surpass that of any other student at his college. But phase three: when I would be recognized as the source, the center... I had thought that that needed the test of a year anyway. And I as the source of sex... the only source... had I even known how long it would be?

It had been less than a year that I had had to mold him so far. A delinquent into a scholar, well-groomed, dressed in the finest, off to college. Would he return?

That weekend in August must have been what broke him. I had told him that he would repeat last year's trip to Milwaukee to finish off his wardrobe. I was sending my little—6 foot, 180 pound—man off to school in style. If I was to be lonely, he would be fashionable. How stupid I was to have overlooked

every sign he had given that summer

When we had returned from the shopping trip, we stood by his car saying goodbyes. I had been my distant self the whole day, playing macho, unfeeling stud/big brother/uncle, withholding any real personal comment. He had been awkward in his attempts to approach me; I had waved them aside. Now in the late twilight of an August night, we were exchanging pleasantries. Then, finally, with a soft, "Oh, shit," he threw his arms around me and kissed me on the lips.

I stiffened sharply. My back became a rod of steel at the unexpected contact. But the humpy body, the strong limbs wrapped around me, the firm unexperienced lips touching mine... involuntarily my arms went around his waist and pulled him in, my face met his and forced it down as my tongue went into his mouth and searched its walls. The bulge of my crotch grew to press against the hardness of his.

I suddenly panicked. I rushed him away with a sudden jerk of my arms. Eighteen! Eighteen! He was only eighteen. Not now! Don't destroy all the work that had taken so long!

Whatever he read in my face, I don't think he saw my confusion. Whether he saw guilt or fear, or disgust, I don't know. But he felt my rejection, dove into his car and left me in the yard. Confused and angry.

I didn't hear from him for over a week, not until the last Saturday in August. I was in the house with my weights, working out later in the night than usual. But, still, it could only have been 10 o'clock. I heard the yell from the front yard. "Langley!"

I went to the door in my workout clothes and saw Stan, legs thrown apart at the street, fists clenched to his side. He was wearing overalls and one of the undershirts I had given him. Worn boots were caked with farm work. He was drunk.

"Langley!" He screamed again when he saw me, "Are you a man?"

Months of good behavior and now this. I stood in the doorway. A challenge. To meet a challenge with purpose, not the blind anger I felt at this moment. Just loud enough so he could hear, I answered, "Man enough for you, Kirowsky."

"Prove it, Langley."

"In the back."

I went through the house and flipped on a spot I had for the isolated yard. He had circled the building to meet me in its glare. Wordlessly he pulled off his overalls, then his shirt, and waited, his moisture covered body slick in the summer humid air. My pants and shirt slipped off easily and I faced him, my enraged prey: he in shorts and boots, I now only in my jock-strap. We circled around the pile of clothes. Behind him was the old shack. The empty building that I planned to be our own temple. If this revolt could be harnessed, then next summer we would have the shack. But first, now, this challenge had to be met.

The kid's strength was no match for mine, especially with my wrestling skill and his intoxication. He tried to compensate with his heavy boots, lashing out one of them to my stomach, but there was no challenge in his booze damaged movements. I caught the foot and twisted, turning his body in midair, throwing its full weight, crashing him face down in the cool grass. We grappled. I marveled at the tight skin, so much more defined than a year ago. The feel so strong, so sensuous.

My rage! At the other day. At this. My turn-on! To that kiss. To this sudden masculinity. My fear! Of losing him.

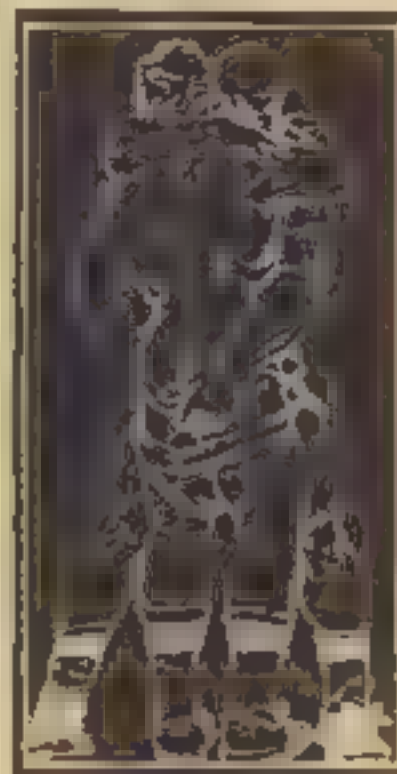
I pushed his face to the ground. I grabbed an arm and jerked it up behind his back, I reached over and ripped a bare branch from a sapling. I tore the shorts down over his ass and lashed out onto that white flesh.

The stripes were starker than the marks of a year ago. The white mounds were outlined with brown sun. The welts grew taller than before with the sharp wood. And I had more—little, but more—control, and I stopped when the tears began.

At that moment I gathered his defeated body in mine. His shorts had been down his ass, but had caught on the hardon

continued on page 47

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THE JOYS OF THE PITS

BY T. R. WITOMSKI

If you asked me which part of a man's body I found the most erotic, I would unhesitatingly answer: the armpit.

Now don't get me wrong. It isn't that other parts of the male anatomy don't turn me on. They certainly do. I love to feel and lick and suck a big, thick cock, and I find a firm, round ass utterly delightful. But there is something very special about the armpit: its look and texture; its cozy warmth, which makes it such a wonderful place to snuggle up to; and particularly its odor—that delicious musky scent of a man. I don't like armpits that smell like they haven't seen soap and water in months and I hate armpits that have been smothered with deodorant. I just like armpits to smell like...well, armpits.

I have always been a Sherlock Holmes of the bedroom, the sort of man who loves to snoop and sniff in every nook and cranny of his partners' bodies. From my very first man-to-man sexual encounter—in the high school locker room—I knew I had a very sensitive sense of smell. To this day I could describe in detail what my first trick smelled like, though my description of what he looked like would be very vague.

One of the first men I got it on with regularly was a hunky construction worker named Vincent, who thought cologne, deodorant and all other "male beauty aids" were "faggy." Vincent wasn't dirty, but after a hard day's work he smelled so incredibly manly that I practically swooned whenever we got it off together.

Vincent was not classically handsome, but he was so fuckin' masculine that I got a hard-on whenever I saw him. He had long, curly black hair, a nicely muscular body, and a huge uncut cock that was sheer perfection. And last but definitely not least, two densely hairy armpits that exuded the most erotic masculine smell. From the very first time I stuck my nose into Vincent's armpits, I was totally dedicated to this very special part of a man's body.

Am I weird? I know that some people see my interest in armpits as kinky, and a few guys have gotten super-turned-off when I started to kiss and slurp on their armpits. (Some guys are so sensitive under their arms that the slightest contact is discomfiting.) But in his classic book, *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, Havelock Ellis wrote: "Even in ordinary, normal persons, personal odor tends to play a not inconsiderable part in sexual attraction...when personal odor acts as an allurements, it is the armpit...which chiefly comes into play."

Alex Comfort in *The Joy of Sex* maintains that natural smell—a combination of odors of the crotch, the skin, the hair, and the armpits—is "the greatest sexual asset after...beauty." According to Comfort, "Far more human loves and antipathies are based on smell than our deodorant-and-aftershave culture admits. Many people...say that when it's a question of bed or not bed, they let their noses lead them."

It's a pity that we supposedly sophisticated people don't learn a few things from "primitive" cultures. For example, the Polynesians have a healthy attitude toward body odors as a sexual stimulant. According to anthropologist William Davenport, virtually all of these South Pacific islanders practice what is called the "Oceanic kiss." This, Professor Davenport reports, "consists of gently touching cheek-to-cheek or nose-to-nose and inhaling deeply so as to sense the other's odor." In those societies where this form of kiss is an essential part of lovemaking, the mouth-to-mouth kiss is seen as "disgusting." So, as the saying goes, it's all a matter of taste—or smell.

Paying sexual attention to the lips, the cock, the tits and the ass is accepted. Even an erotic interest in feet is thought "normal." But we armpit

lovers are thought to be "far-out." Why?

Anti-armpit bias seems to be just a product of the times. If everyone was into natural-smelling armpits, the deodorant manufacturers would go bankrupt. As I delved into the literature of erotica, I discovered the taboo against the armpit as a legitimate erogenous zone is of fairly recent origin. Historically, the axilla (the Latin word for armpit) has been an object of sexual attraction since earliest recorded time. The *Kama Sutra*, the famous Indian sex manual, refers to the armpits as a suitable place for kissing, stroking, licking and other forms of stimulation. Chinese and Arabic sex guides concur.

Furthermore, archaeologists have dug up statues from ancient Greece and Rome that show muscular men with arms raised and underarms exposed in a sexually exciting manner. And the great painters have also shown an awareness of the sensuality of the male armpit. In past centuries, a man's armpits probably ranked right along with his cock and ass in terms of erotic appeal.

Summer is the prime season for armpit watchers like myself. Guys in tank tops are an inexhaustible source of erotic fascination, but I'm especially turned-on by men who wear regular T-shirts that are cut so close on the arms that a few puffs of armpit hair poke provocatively out from the fabric. And sweat stains under the arms! Is there anything sexier than a hot stud with two large blotches of armpit fluid adorning his shirt? I'm hard just thinking about it...

I've had many wonderful experiences making love to a guy's armpits, but Michael was in a class by himself. I was teaching a course in creative writing at a local community college. Though I made it a point never to get involved personally with my students, Michael proved impossible to resist. He used to jog to class in an old T-shirt and cut-offs, working up a healthy sweat on the way. I could see his sublime pits through his sweat-soaked T-shirt, and I'd wind up teaching in a state of constant arousal.

Michael and I wound up talking together one night after class. From there we went to a bar for a few beers, and from the bar to his apartment. My end of the conversation was rather



stated; Michael wanted to talk about writing (probably the most boring subject ever conceived), but I couldn't get my mind off his armpits. Michael was dark and densely hairy; the parts of his body not covered by his skimpy attire were a virtual forest of hair. I had to find out what delights lay underneath his clothes.

At his apartment, after cracking open a cold case of beer from the refrigerator, Michael asked me, "Should I emphasize or de-emphasize my homosexuality in my writing?"

Betraying my horniness and my incompetence as a teacher, I told Michael I didn't give a fuck what he did about his homosexuality in his writing, but I sure would like to have him emphasize his homosexuality in life. As in *right here, right now*.

Thank God, the subject of conversation moved from writing to sex. After the third beer, Michael and I were snuggling close together. After the fourth beer, we were heavily engaged in deep, passionate kissing and lusty body groping. I slipped my hands underneath his shirt and up to his hairy, wet armpits. Just feeling his long, thick strands of hair made my pulse rate increase and the bulge in my pants grow larger by the second.

Michael and I struggled to our feet,

stol clawing at each other. We tried to stagger to the bedroom. We never made it there. We were just too turned on.

I dropped to my knees and pulled his running shorts down, revealing a funky jockstrap that couldn't quite conceal all of his thick crop of pubic hair. Overcome with desire, I pulled the jock down and pressed my face deep into his aromatic crotch. The sharp, but not unpleasant odor was unforgettable.

And then, as I looked up, I saw a sight that nearly made me shoot off right then and there. Michael was pulling off his T-shirt over his head and as he did so the copious hair under his arms was fully, finally revealed.

For a moment I thought of disengaging myself from his cock in order to devote my oral attentions to the two magnificent pools of fur under his arms. But I decided that it would heighten the experience if I worked my way up to my ultimate goal.

Quickly stripping off my clothes, I pushed Michael back to the couch, spread his muscular legs, and dove down on his hardened cock, sucking it until his body began to jerk spasmodically. Never losing sight of my final destination, I sucked him almost to the point of orgasm and let his beautiful, throbbing dick slip out of my mouth as I licked a slippery trail up the length of

his body, pausing for a good long while to suck on his small, hard nipples. (Tits are #2 on my erotic hit parade, second only to armpits.)

I kissed his mouth passionately, so that the taste from his crotch was now on both our lips. Then I pushed his arms up so that they were fully extended and buried my nose and mouth in those incredible patches of hair. Michael's armpit odor was positively intoxicating. Inhaling his secret perfume affected me the way snorting cocaine might affect someone else. His delectable smell lingered in my nostrils as I stroked, kissed and nibbled in his armpits, twining the juicy strands of hair around my fingers.

So immersed was I in his armpits that I was only half aware of my swollen cock effortlessly gliding into his asshole. We fucked frantically for a long time, and all the while my mouth and nose played in his wonderfully hairy, smelly armpit. Finally, I exploded inside him. When he felt my wad of cum shooting into his bowels, Michael grabbed his cock and after a few savage strokes he shot off such a load that I thought he'd never stop.

From that day on, it seemed that Michael and I spent half the hours of each day having sex. It was during one of these sessions that Michael intro-

duced me to the wonders of armpit fucking. I have to admit that up until that moment I had never thought of the armpit as fuckable. For me it had always been a place to nuzzle and nibble as foreplay or during conventional fucking and sucking.

One afternoon Michael and I were composing some new movements for our non-stop sexual symphony. I was straddling his body, my hands in his armpits, while my cock slid in and out of his sucking mouth. The next thing I knew, Michael had taken my cock out of his mouth and with a devilish glint in his blue eyes said, "I think I have a hot idea."

Deftly massaging the shaft of my cock with his hand, Michael eased my cock-head against his hairy armpit. The sensation of his wiry hair sweeping across my cock was fantastic—like having the tip of your dick tickled by a fine felt brush. I felt tingly all over, more aroused than I can recall ever having been before in my life.

Gradually I began to push my cock against his damp armpit hair. I was just starting to get into a good rhythm, with Michael's hand applying just the right amount of pressure on my shaft, when he abruptly changed position. Raising himself on his right elbow, Michael moved my cock under his left armpit, which he then lowered so that my cock was encased in a tunnel formed by his arm and the side of his chest. What a sensation!

As I started to fuck Michael's armpit, I reached down to his crotch and gently stroked his stiff prick. I was so fucking turned-on that I could do nothing but thrust faster. I knew that I couldn't hold back much longer, and from Michael's panting, sighing moans I could tell that he was about to climax too. As I shouted the unnecessary announcement that I was coming, Michael squeezed his arm on my back stroke, then opened slightly to allow one last push before I released a geyser of creamy cum.

At precisely the moment of my ejaculation, Michael raised his arm so that I could see my milky load of jism splatter over his hairy armpit. I gasped loudly, thinking I would never stop creaming. When my orgasmic spasms finally subsided, I rubbed my cock in Michael's cum-soaked underarm, my hand still pulling on his cock.

After I jerked Michael to orgasm, he somehow managed to get my cock, coated with a mixture of my cum and his sweat, into his mouth, sucking me until I was hard again and ready for another go-round. If ever I had a truly transcendent sexual moment, that was it.

Does everybody understand now why I'm dedicated to the glories of the male armpit? □



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continued from page 35

that had been expected this time. The close-cut boxers were damp with the also expected cum. We embraced tightly, his tears flowed into my neck. His drunken state overcome, he moaned out to me softly, "Daddy, oh Daddy. I want to be good for you, Daddy."

Maybe I hadn't written the words, but it was a premature deliverance of my desire. The boy sobbed into my chest and clutched my back, his litany continuing. I don't know how long that went on. I don't know how long my own hardon pressed against that confining jockstrap, but I do know I kept my control.

Later, I put his drunken form to bed. The next morning he found his clothes in the guest room. He came downstairs fully dressed. It took him about fifteen minutes to pick up my cues and to begin to act like the previous night hadn't happened.

But it had. I had won. I had held my own in the disaster. The only question now was timing.

His family and friends had a farewell for the departing student. I went, to see him off, to see him for the first time since the episode in my backyard. I was still his hero! Still introduced as the man who had "helped him out." The few new faces greeted me with warm recognition of my place in the boy's life. I only stayed for a short while. If he had wanted to see me, even if I was still a hero in public, he would have come to my house. He hadn't. He would have to decide when the next personal encounter would take place. It was a question of timing, but he held the hand now. He would have to come to me, willingly.

After a perfunctory farewell on the porch, he stopped me from leaving. "Mr. Langley."

"Yes, son." I still affected the tone of a teacher.

It took a while for the next sentence. "Is all this a beginning, or has it ended?"

I went to his locker in the dressing room...I took out his sweat-
aromaed jockstrap and carried it home that night. I soaked it with amyl, pressed it against my face and spent an hour flagellating my cock.

"It's a beginning, son."

"Mr Langley, I'd rather stay here and keep it going instead of leaving for college."

No, that couldn't be. As much as I loved hearing those words from him, I couldn't let the whole thing come to a close that way. More time was needed. More desire. More longing. And an education that would mean that he always had an option, that he could never say he had to stay because there was no way to go.

But still, I altered my plan as I risked taking his chin in my palm and lifted it upwards. I stared at him. "Stan, I've worked hard to get you to college. You're to go. But you're to remember your reasons to come back. To me. I want you to go and commit your mind to your work. I want you to avoid any other people—male or female—I want you back here with me next year. If you do well, you can transfer to Madison. I'll see to your recommendations. Then, we'll see."

I embraced him warmly and quickly left.

His mother, when I met her in a supermarket later in September, was overwhelmed with joy and reported—at least partially honestly—that Stan had gone off claiming I was his salvation.

I waited for a first letter. I wanted to read of his accomplishments. One week, then two. Then months of agony. I never heard from Stan.

Would he find a man? An English teacher like the one here in school tossing his affectedly long hair at me in a comic seduc-

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tion? Would his young mind find a figure like that romantic? Had I gone too far that last week?

Would he find a woman? Why not? What had I ever asked to know if that was possible for him?

I tried calling faculty members, but he didn't seem to be too well-known—though one mentioned his spending a lot of time in art classes. There were only so many calls that I could make without his hearing about them. Only so many that could be made without arousing suspicion about the military man who was so very interested in a student's progress, but who didn't want the student to know.

The college was on trimesters. His first grades should have come out by now, the beginning of December. As discretely as possible, I went into the registrar's office and asked for any reports. "It's so strange, Colonel Langley. They wrote and said Kirowsky had forbid them to send the grades to us. Highly irregular, but within his right, I suppose," the old clerk had told me.

And so, I had gone too far. Not an English teacher, had he found an adolescent crush on his roommate? What had I expected? He had had only two isolated orgasms in the year with me. A growing young man. Needing sex. I had withheld it, dreaming stupid dreams about his becoming mine. Ass!

On the 11th of December, I went to a travel agent and booked a singular holiday: Christmas in San Francisco and New Years in Key West. I sent my resume off to agencies in New York. This chapter was over. I spent a year creating an S&M fantasy. What kind of fool had I been to expect a teenager to respond to that? I had sent him away without the real affection he had wanted. He had left. My last words to him went through my head. I had sounded like an aged queen as they repeated themselves over and over—perhaps that is what I had become.

I was ready to leave for California the next day when Mrs. Kirowsky showed up at my door. How could she ignore my pain as she forced her way through into my living room? "Mr. Langley, of course you'll spend Christmas with us again. Espe-

cially this joyous Christmas!"

Especially not this Christmas I thought to myself. But what was so joyous about it in her mind? "And then Stan's show on New Year's Day. At the museum no less! Oh, Mr. Langley, just think, my little Stan's wood sculptures in the center of all the Slavic folk art! A good Christmas we will have—and then a New Year in Milwaukee."

Stunned, I let her rattle on. Stan's work in a Milwaukee museum? But did he want me to know. "And, silly boy, he sent this to you—like you needed an invitation. A part of the proud family like you." She handed me an engraved notice. At the top his unmistakable hand had written, "To Mr. Langley." The text was a formal notice of the exhibit. At the bottom: "Stanislaus."

I bit my lips in an effort to defeat tears. Mrs. Kirowsky mercifully left me soon with somehow remembered instructions for another Polish Christmas. That night I cancelled my airplane reservations and threw myself into my reclaimed work. Maybe the plans for the shack didn't have to be thrown out. I carefully bought from different places the next few days to make sure no one put the picture together. There were two hurried trips to Chicago and by Christmas Eve it was ready. I stood in the center of my handiwork and puled at my stiff cock, allowing myself once more to think about Stan's body and to hope, again, for a future.

That afternoon, Christmas Day, I was greeted by a still more handsome Stan. I had never seen this dashing suit on him; it looked even better than it had on the rack last summer. He was much more self-assured after only a few months away from home. His sophomoric sophistication was amusing as he boisterously and masculinely re-presented me to friends and relatives. I needed more drink this year. I took more. Later, it helped me overlook my own sheepishness as Stan opened my much less subtle present. There was no doubt about the richness of the sweater in the box, and I had meant to leave little doubt about the meaning of the thick black leather belt wrapped around it. From the eyes slit with acknowledgement, I

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Then Stan brought me my gift. Everyone became silent as the presentation was made. There was an awkward ritualization, they evidently knew at least part of the contents. There were three framed documents enclosed; the first, a copy of the invitation to the New Year's show at the museum; the second a copy of his college grades: three A's and a B; the third, a letter from the University of Wisconsin at Madison admitting Stanislaus Kirowsky for the second semester.

The show was on the holiday afternoon. I avoided Stan that week. I had already avoided his mother's hints for a ride to Milwaukee. At the museum, I was ever grateful for the clothes I had bought him and the body I had formed. I don't think that I had even noticed the light-colored moustache before the show. He was maturing in every way. Before me and the onslaught of dignitaries, he did well. I tried to keep in the background and let these people more used to these occasions have their way. His mother used me as an anchor in between robust welcomes to a few recognized faces. That was okay. Beside her my beams of pride wouldn't be seen by the reporters and reviewers who had obviously decided that Stan's work was the hit of the evening. I could see their overheard quotes in print: "in touch with his heritage," "marvelous technique," "peculiarly satisfying ethnic quality."

I burst with pride. I had expected to leave alone. I was surprised when I started down the monumental stairs of the museum. Stan caught my arm. "Mr. Langley, I need a ride home, Sir." Before I could answer, he continued. "Ma's staying in town with her sister... can I ride home with you, sir?"

"Of course"

We drove quietly out the superhighway through downtown and headed west. I was uncomfortable in the silence, not sure of my next move, wondering how to arrange this next episode. The shack was ready. Was Stan? Really? He had turned 19 by now. Old enough to avoid my fears of chicken. Old enough

for...?

Stan had also had four months to think. He had obviously made some decisions. By the time we were passing through the city's suburbs he shifted in his seat to face me and without a hint of hesitation he reached across to my thigh and began to knead the muscle below my rapidly filling crotch.

"You know, Mr. Langley, I've spent a lot of time wondering about you and me and last year. I know you were trying to instill a desire in me to learn, with all that Polish stuff. You did leave me desperate to learn, but not about Slavic history. I'm sorry I didn't write you, but I had to discover some things first, by myself, before I could contact you."

"What things, Stan?"

"Things about myself. Why I had been so rebellious. Why I had turned around so completely as soon as you came along. Things about... about... sex. And how I turned on you the time I tried to kiss you and then went off and got stinking drunk. I had to know why I was like that."

"And?"

"I love you, Mr. Langley. I do know that. And I believe you've decided to love me. I've given up on the question of how we go about loving. That's too complicated. And I've found that no one knows about the different ways—men and men, men and women, pleasure," his voice lifted and deepened all at once, "pain."

"I owe you a lot. I used to believe you when you said that there were no ways that you wanted me to pay you back, except to go to college. That's not true. You have payments in mind. I think, Mr. Langley, that I know what they are. And, I not only am willing to make those payments, I want to make them."

I was as nervous during that drive back as I had been the first afternoon in the headmaster's office, listening to him. First he went through how he had gone about "learning." There had been a woman. There had been two men in Boston. They were all three empty experiences for him. His wisdom startled me. I had never expected a 19-year-old to come to me, or any other

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- ☐ Franny: The Queen of Provincetown (\$5.00)
- ☐ Sweet Dreams (\$5.00)
- ☐ Classified Affairs (\$7.00)

name _____

address _____

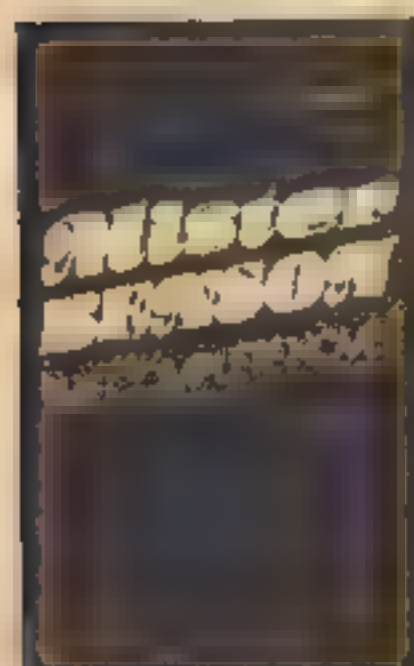
city _____ state _____ zip _____

ALYSON PUBLICATIONS

Dept. P-46, 40 Plympton St., Boston, Mass. 02118

HOT READING FOR A COLD WINTER'S NIGHT

FROM ALTERNATE PUBLISHING



795

MISTER BENSON

The novel that electrified leathermen across the country when it was first serialized in *Drummer*, revised by the author with an epilogue from Mr. Benson himself. Cited by *Penthouse* as one of the Top Ten SM Novels ever written.

praised by Phil Andros as "an SM masterpiece," and acknowledged "a classic underground novel" by the *Village Voice*, John Preston's *Mr. Benson* is must reading for all leathermen, and for anyone who wants to understand the phenomenon of gay SM in the 1980s.

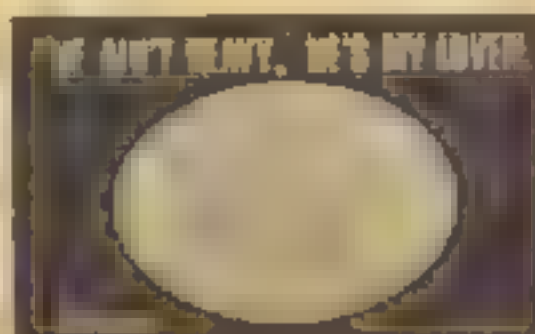


895

THE BRIG

A major novel of military discipline and institutionalized SM. Victor Terry in *Dungeon-Master* calls it one of the best erotic novels of dominance and enforced submission I have ever read. This book is hot!

Set at the close of the Vietnam War, *The Brig* chronicles a young conscientious objector's ordeal at the hands of his Marine tormentors, his surprising self-discoveries in the midst of torment, his ultimate triumph—and the price he pays for it.



495

HE AIN'T HEAVY, HE'S MY LOVER

Had enough of whips, chains, and heavy-duty SM? You won't escape them here—but you'll rediscover them with a decidedly humorous twist along with Carlo Carlucci's glowingly humorous look at every other aspect of gay life, from the pangs of coming out to a Thurberesque cartoon series 'War Between the Machos and the Sissies' that will have you in stitches.

Gay cartoon books have come and gone, but this one is really special. "A must-have cartoon book," says the *Baltimore Gay Paper*, "a sharper wit could not be found." *Cruise Magazine* says it's "the kind of book you'll read over and over, getting a fresh chuckle or grin each time." And the *San Francisco Review of Books* declares that Carlo Carlucci "has the talent of Thurber."

The Zeus Collection's SADO ISLAND

Illustrated by Matt

1250

Beyond *Road Warrior* and *Chrome* lies a new dimension in sophisticated science fiction SM. Welcome to Sado Island, stronghold of the notorious Baron Heinrich von Sado and his menacing muscular/metallic henchmen!

Zeus commissioned New Orleans artist Matt to take the quantum leap into the illustrated future of SM adventure, where its 2139 and hell on earth is a place called Sado Island. Two musclebound heroes fight a police society that forbids their "deviate" love—then take on the sadistic battlechief of world terrorism, Heinrich Von Sado. *Sado Island* catapults your fantasies into the future and penetrates the darkest recesses of your imagination.



SLAVES OF THE EMPIRE

by Aaron Travis
Illustrated by Cavelo

995

Hot off the press—the long-awaited paperback edition of Aaron Travis' SM Roman epic, with twelve richly detailed illustrations by the master of erotic fantasy art, Cavelo.

Set against the barbaric splendor of ancient Rome at the height of its empire, *Slaves* seduces the reader into a steamy world of flesh and steel where a famed gladiator must ultimately choose between his own brutal nature and his love for a pair of twin-princesses, while a sadistic senator plots to enslave them all.

John Preston calls *Slaves of the Empire* "a wonderful mythic tale," and Phil Andros has called it "taut, tense and absorbing."

With hardly a pause," says the *Bay Area Reporter*, "Aaron Travis torments us from sex scene to sex scene, each building higher than the one before, all satisfying, original and leading surely to the harrowing last chapter—got bruises just from reading."

Lavish, unusual and compelling, *Slaves of the Empire* is a novel you'll read more than once—the first time for its suspenseful story and, after that, for lingering fantasies and pleasure.



ALTERNATE PUBLISHING

640 NATOMA STREET / SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94103

Send me the following books:

- ☐ Mister Benson 7 95
- ☐ The Brig 8 95
- ☐ He Ain't Heavy, He's My Lover 4 95
- ☐ Sado Island 12 50
- ☐ Slaves of the Empire 9 95

(Add 50 postage/handling per book. Calif. residents add 6 1/2% sales tax.)

I'm enclosing \$ _____ or charge my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

Card No. _____ Exp. Date ____/____/____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

(I am over 21 years of age)

His hand had kept up its undulating pressure on my thigh the whole way from Milwaukee. My hard prick was jutting up against the suit pants. I could feel the tip ooze its precum. I was adamant in refusing my instinct to pull his head down onto the cock and release it from the pressure that was building. He even was ready to try at one point, but I wouldn't let him. I pushed him up with no comment.

"Not there, mister," I belowed. Out of the car and on my own turf, ready and willing and anxious to give him what I had taught him to want.

We circled around the house, going past the place we had fought. Suspiciously he stood by the shack door. It was more than a tool shed. The space was about sixteen by sixteen feet. When I had opened the door and turned on a light, he saw my handiwork: walls covered with rough siding, carefully placed lights indirectly highlighting a large table on the middle of the floor. It was covered with a sheath of leather, its legs were sturdy, its surface reinforced by heavy links of chain hanging from the ceiling. At the corners were leather restraints, ready to hold down.

And on the far wall hung a selection of items I had found in Chicago. There was a paddle, heavier than the one I had used. There was a riding crop. Had he seen one before? And a spray of leather from the handle of a cat o' nine tails. And more.

His cooperative body followed the instructions of my hands as I laid it out on the table and secured his limbs with the restraints. The mechanism he hadn't seen separated the partitions of the table and pulled his body even more taut. I had plenty of time. I thought, as I took up the crop and went to the side of the table. I'll give him a taste of this now, then. . . I lifted the crop in the air and cut deep into his hard, tensed buttocks. The sharp stick brought up the angriest welts I had yet seen on him as I flailed away at the whiteness. He never said stop, but after one or two strokes began his litany again, "Daddy, daddy." At first it was soft and then, once it came just as the crop bit into his mound and turned his word into a scream

תורת



P.O. Box 26716 Dept. D
Los Angeles, CA 90026



CHRISTOPHER RAGE

4 2013 年 11 月 20 日 11 月 20 日



Christopher Ruggs & TOMLITS
 Starting experiment of 2000s de. way
 Farring Wagon (Cris. Burns and R. more
 bring out of the hardware by the
 making all the things to give a new pattern
 but maybe never get under shorts 2000s

Р.Д.П.И.И.

ALL NEW!

\$69

Mail to **LIVE VIDEO, INC.**

147 West 42nd St. Suite 603 New York NY 10036

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PAGE'S
MANHOLES

RAUNCH!

Christopher Rade's **RAIDER** is our water sports masterpiece. *Drummer Magazine* said it's one of the 10 Best of the Year. *Station Magazine* says, "A real pig out. Rade captures animal lust like no one ever has." This tape is available only through this offer. Beware of cop-out versions.

69

CHRISTOPHER PAGE S
OUTRAGE

The most popular tape ever And with good reason You've never seen anything this improved Water sports boys - we and dirty real man action Rago says it's his best ever We say it's his holier Complete and unadorned

ARCH BROWN'S
ROUGH IDEA '69

is his first tape in years and it is a steam-
ing masterpiece from an amazing director.
You'll see a very humpy cast in a gorgeous
tape with tons of action. Water sports,
fishing, toys and plenty of all-male love and
sex. Unensored.

Send \$2 for more information about these classes (free with order)

111

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DOI: 10.1002/for

SLEAZE

\$69 each

Available only in the US

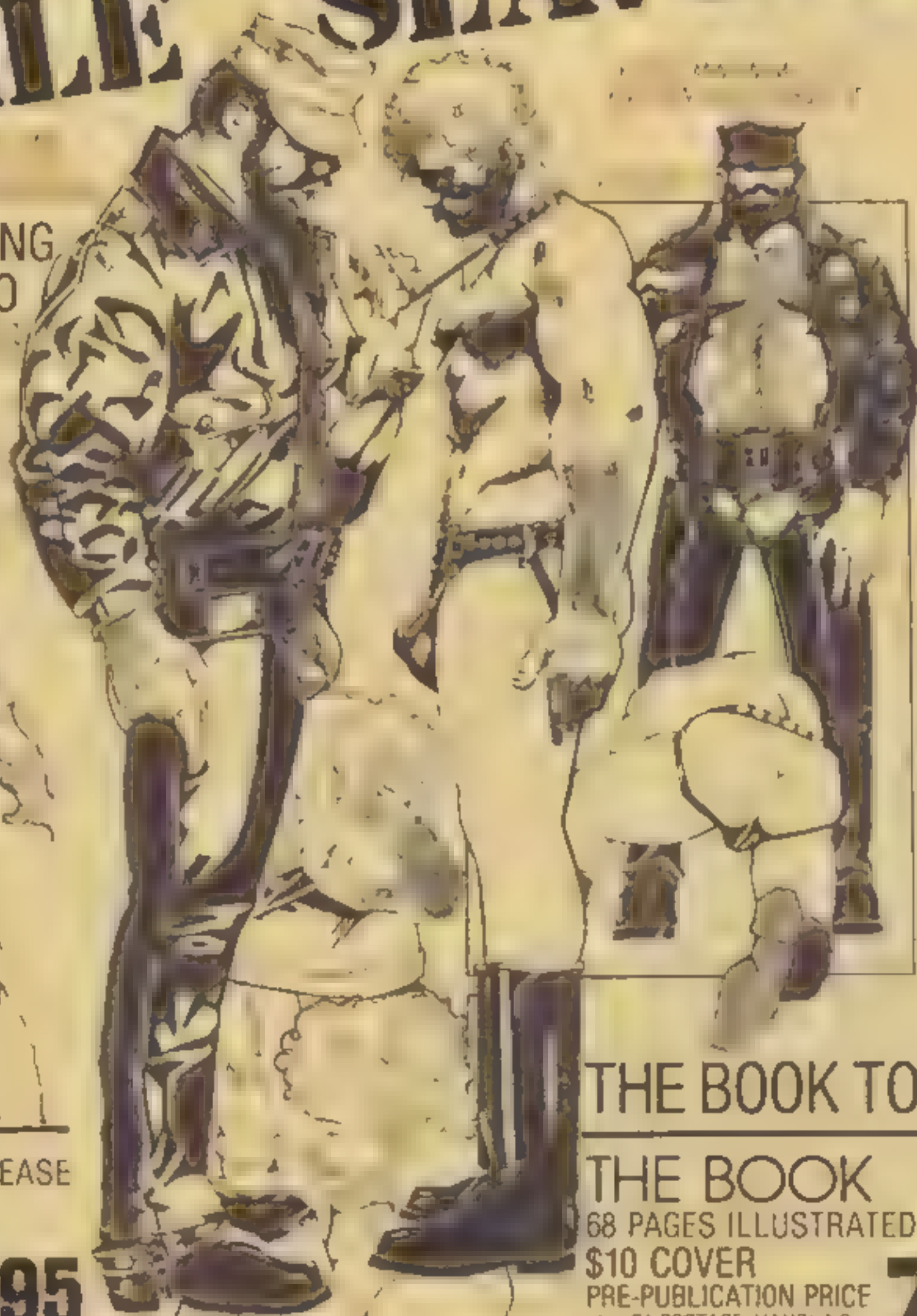
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68 PAGES OF
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MAR 1, 1986

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1986

JUNIFORM CALLENDAR

THE MILITARY THROUGHOUT THE YEARS AS ILLUSTRATED BY OUR OWN, BILL WARD





*"But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor
Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
though they come from the ends of earth!"*
Rudyard Kipling

JANUARY

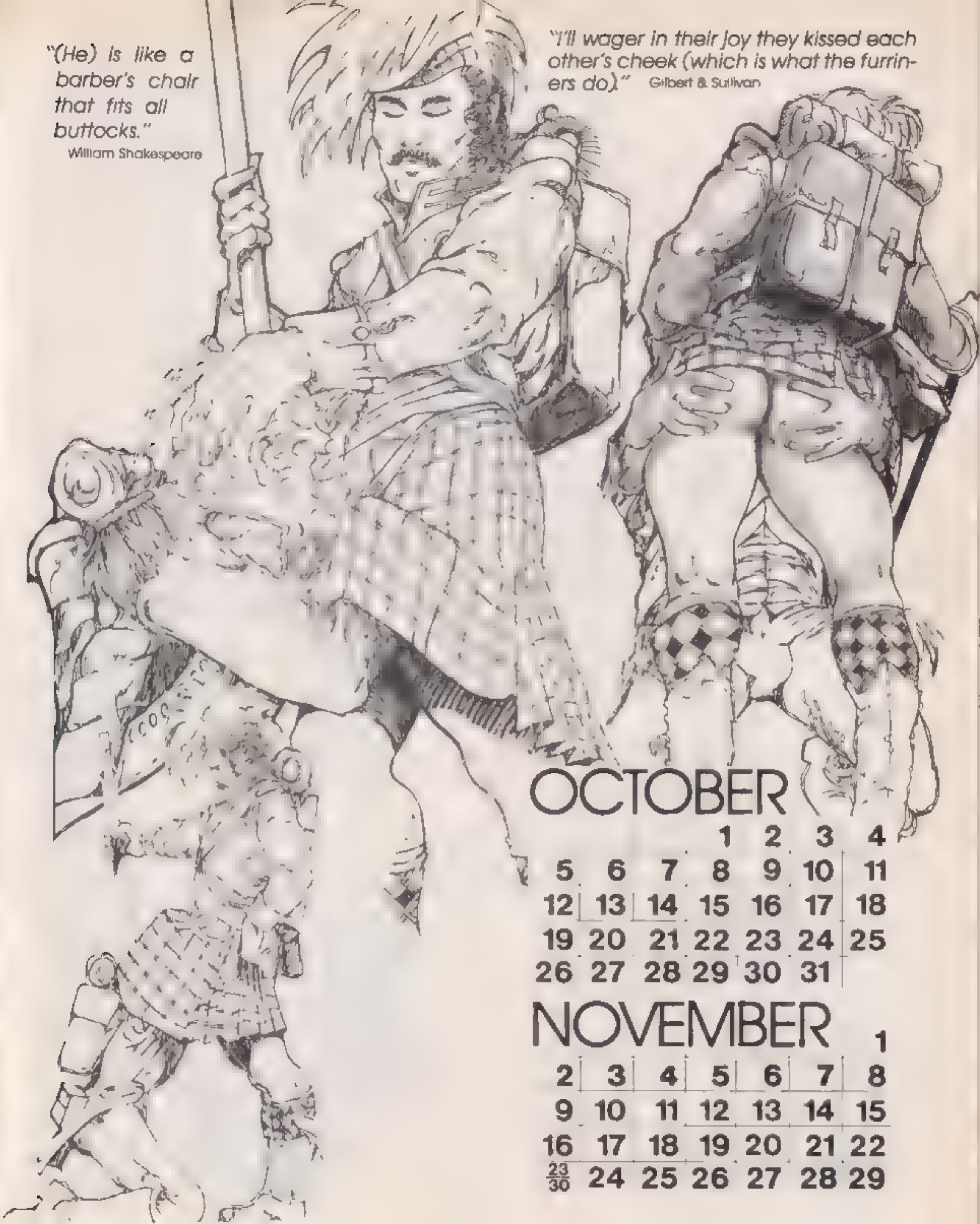
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*"'E's a kind of a giddy harumfrodite
—soldier an' sailor fool"*
Rudyard Kipling

"(He) is like a
barber's chair
that fits all
buttocks."

William Shakespeare

"I'll wager in their joy they kissed each
other's cheek (which is what the furrin-
ers do)." Gilbert & Sullivan

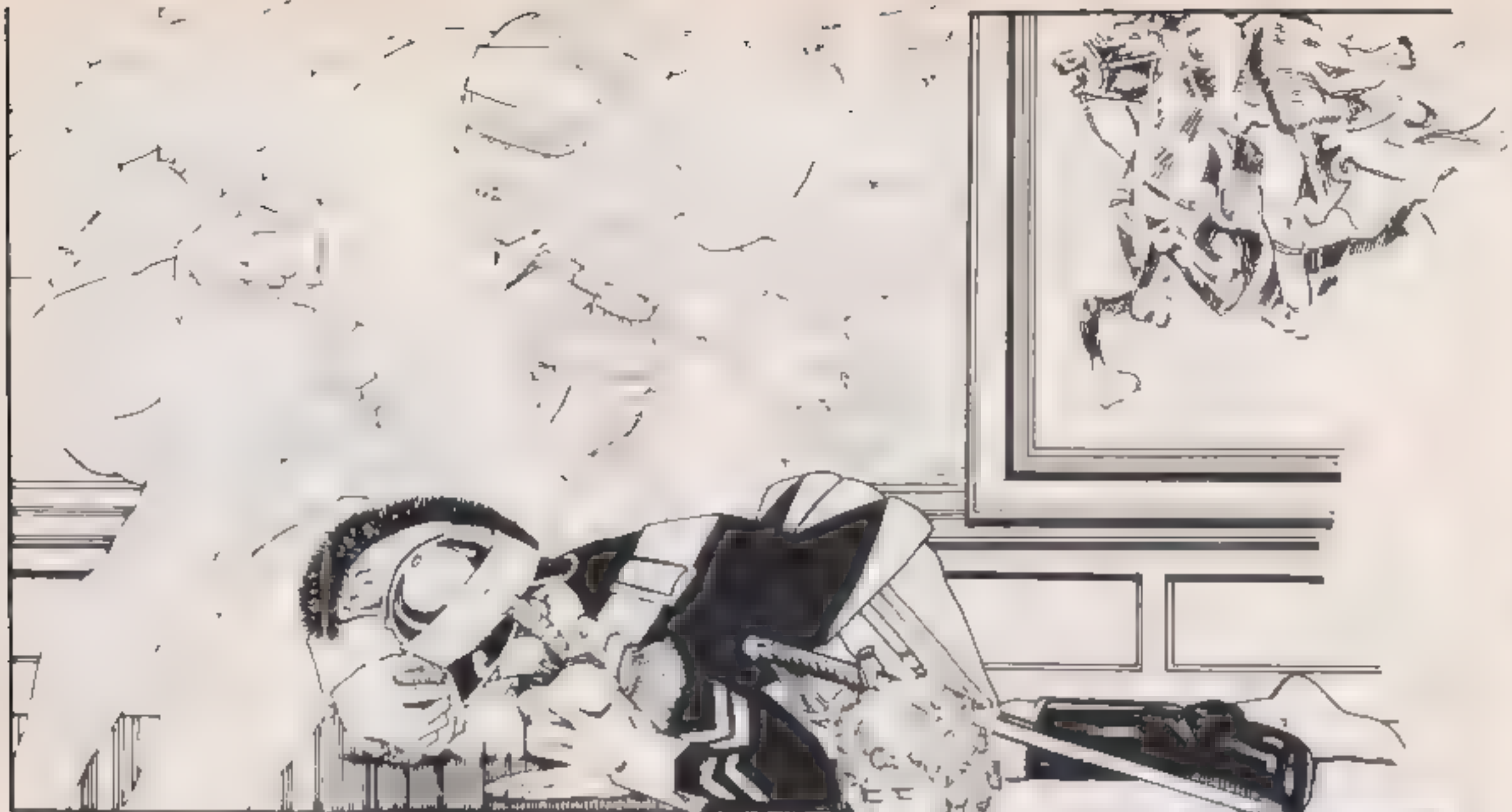


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*"It's very odd that Sailor-men should
talk so very queer—
And then he hitch'd his trousers up, as
is, I'm told, their use
It's very odd that Sailor-men should
wear those things so loose."*

Rev R H Borham

*"Sure, deck your lower limbs in pants;
Yours are the limbs, my sweeting.
You look divine as you advance—
But have you seen yourself retreating?"*

Ogden Nash

DECEMBER

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Bill Ward's illustrations are available in THE ART OF
BILL WARD and THE ADVENTURES OF DRUM Alternate
Publishing \$6 each



"Conduct...to the prejudice
of good order
and military discipline."

Army Act, 40

"As long as war is regarded as wicked,
it will always have its fascination. When
it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease
to be popular"

Oscar Wilde



"When the military man approaches, the
world locks up its spoons and packs off its
womankind."

George Bernard Shaw

FEBRUARY

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"War is much too serious a thing
to be left to the military."

Talleyrand & Briand

"An army marches on its belly."

Frederick the Great



APRIL

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*"Don't talk to me about naval tradition,
it's nothing but rum, sodomy and the
lash."*

Winston Churchill

JULY

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"There is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

Napoleon I

"Every French soldier carries in his cartridge-pouch the baton of a marshal of France."

Napoleon

SEPTEMBER

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DEAR SIR:

ONE OF A KIND.



1 We **CONNECT** men together for hot live action, 24 hours a day at only a few cents a call.



2 Other phone sex services use actors or read scripts.



3 Try our exclusive Jack-Off, S&M, and Bay Area Meet Someone hotlines.



4 With "The Connector" you can feel the difference.

The Original Sex Link

To Join Phone **415-346-8747**



Cash, Check or Money order also accepted

You must be 18 or older.



The CONNECTER, INC.

We're cheap and easy! Only four bits a word!

Your ad: First, give us the top line for bold type. There's no extra charge for this attention getter!

Print it out: Don't worry about using abbreviations to save money—you are paying by the word—not the number of characters. Tell 'em what you want and what you're offering. At these prices you can be as wordy as you wish.

Where will your ad run? Under your state or geographic section. If you would like your ad to appear under "Nationwide" or "International" instead of your state or country heading, say so. Ads for Models, Organizations, Mail Order, or Services will appear under those respective categories.

Deadline? There isn't any. You'll get in the next issue, even if your ad is listed under "Late Submissions." Subsequent insertions will find you where you belong if yours is more than a one-time effort.

Discount? You've already gotten it. Our rates are a fraction of the competition.

Want a DRUMMER box number? Add a buck, that's all. The responses to your box will be forwarded to your address immediately. That's a bargain!

Phone number? Run your number for instant results. But include a dollar for us to call you to verify the number for your and our protection.

Payment? Pay by check, money order, Visa, or Mastercard. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

Censorship? No, Sir!—provided you keep references to Minors, Animals, Prostitution, or Drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And you, of course, must be 21 or better.



How to reply to a DRUMMER box number: Answering a DRUMMER box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or else. 1) Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. 2) Put your return address on the envelope if you wish the letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. 3) PUT PROPER POSTAGE ON THE ENVELOPE—domestic postage is 22¢ for the first ounce, 17¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 44¢ per one-half ounce. Enclose a quarter (25¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them out. 4) Put the whole thing (sealed letter and forwarding fee) in another envelope and send it to DRUMMER. LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED!

If the ad has a USA box number, follow the same instructions, but send it to: USA/Bud Berkeley, Box 28011, San Francisco, CA 94126

It's that easy! And that's the way it should be.

The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for leathermen! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir (formerly known as Drumbeats) we are doing just that. No deadlines, no \$7 box charges, no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$6 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word!

FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS: Your ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership! Change your ad as often as you like. There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them it is even a bigger bargain.

Dear Sir:

ALTERNATE PUBLISHING
640 Natoma Street San Francisco, CA 94103

NAME _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

PLACE MY AD IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY

BOLD HEADING (26 letters & spaces maximum)

AD COPY (please print)

Cost of Ad (____ Words @ 50¢) \$ _____
Number of Insertions _____
☐ Box Number (Add \$1.00) _____
Telephone Number in Ad Add \$ _____
Total Enclosed \$ _____
Payment enclosed as _____ (Check Money Order Visa Mastercard)
Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____
Signature _____

(I am 21 years of age or older)

I am not responsible for any transactions between myself and any persons I contact through their publications.

HOT MAN-TO-MAN CONTACT FOR A COOL 50¢ PER WORD!

DEAR SIR:



NATIONWIDE

DOGSLAVE SEEKS MORE TRAINING

I am an experienced slave with a need to be treated and loved as a dog. To give up the right to make decisions and to serve and please my MASTER emotionally, domestically and sexually. Public training okay. Permanent not desired but growth for more than 1 night. I am 36, 5'10", 175, muscular, masculine, obedient. Responsible. MASTERS only between 25-45. Travel nationwide on business. Thank you. Sir Box 4892

NYC TOP DEMANDS

permanent slave/lover. BD, shaving, humiliation, etc. Box 4894

WANTED: GWM HOUSEBOY

Must be 21-35, clean, disease free, masculine, submissive, very hairy a plus, into Greek French discipline fits, no heavy S&M. No tats, fem, punks, TV's, hustlers, alcoholics, addicts or scal. Must move to New Orleans, be owned, enjoy pleasing two GWM lovers 42, 6'2", 145, grey hair, beard, Libra 34, 5'10", 165, brown hair, beard, muscular build, Virgo. Both will train houseboy into being permanent companion of their families. We enjoy the outdoors, animals, martial arts, gardening. Write only if you are sincere, honest and want a good home. Enclose a recent photo, phone to PO Box 8734 New Orleans, LA 70182. Our first ad

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

EXPERIENCED BODYGUARD-DRIVER

wanted as live-in leather companion by very active 61-year-old. Frequent domestic, some international travel. Home base is large central California coast ranch. Photo and references required. Box 4893

BIG HAIRY ANIMAL

wanted by 27 U/C Italian top (817)236-4305

MASTER

Handsome muscular trim, well-built 48, 5'9", 145 lbs. seeks slave-masochist-lover permanent temporary or weekend who is trim, under 45, well-built. All scenes into being fucked, toilet trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF, WS, scat, C&BT, hot wax, electrocution, piercing, B&D branding, stretching etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture, to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240, LF

SATANIC WORSHIP

Leather Master wants to correspond with other leathersmen who would be interested in meeting once a month to start a Brotherhood. Slaves and Topmen are welcomed. Bondage, S&M, piercing, hot wax, and shaving a plus. Box 4485, LF

BOOTS, BIKES, BONDAGE

If you dig the feel, smell, and creak of total leather, the helplessness of prolonged yet total and tender bondage (top/bottom), write Box 33, Riner, VA 24149.

LEATHER IN THE COUNTRY

Hunky and attractive WM 5'10", 155 brown hair and eyes has 40 secluded acres of woods and comfortable home. I seek a nature lover into outdoor activities, fitness, good nutrition and travel. I have the freedom and time to explore nature and seek someone with the aesthetic sense to enjoy it. Seek permanent relationship with leather buddy or daddy's boy. Let's explore geographically and sexually. Photo mandatory. Bob Box 938, Merlin, OR 97532

SLAVE WANTED

Surrender to me your body, mind, and will. Freely give to me your unquestioning obedience, servitude and worship. Become my property to do as I please. Wear with pride the leather collar I will custom make for you. There is no other way. You will have a long list of regular household slave duties which you will perform naked. You may be required to work at a conventional daytime job on the outside, maybe one beneath your skill, and turn your earnings over to me but you will know that it is right and proper for you to do so. Your reward and pleasure will come from providing service and pleasure to me and my life partner and, perhaps, another select man. You will be ready at all times to submit to a wide range of S/M related sex, usually as passive, occasionally as active. For rebellious action, careless performance of duty or infraction of orders or rules on your part, your physical and mental punishment will be inevitable, severe, and painstakingly sadistic. A major part of your life of service will involve leather and motorcycles. You should be between 25 and 45, masculine, reserved. Your body should be in reasonably good shape. You must be in good health. You may use moderate amounts of alcohol and tobacco. Send a recent photo of yourself and a letter detailing reasons why I should consider sending you further details and an application. Master Les, PO Box 511265, Salt Lake City, UT 84151-1265. LF4713

LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED

Yes slave, I want you in my home, long-term. My slave gets properly cared for, slave trained and used for my pleasure. There will be rewards, pain, rules, chores, bondage, discipline, C&BT, etc. I have all the leather restraints, tools and equipment a slave needs. I am tall, trim, hung, 34 GWM and stable. My slave must be 21-37, submissive, and ready to move in. I believe a slave should find happiness thru serving me, and be kept under control. Write about your body, present limits, expectations, and other qualifications. Respectful questions get answered. DSA, PO Box 20835, Reno, NV 89515

BLOW YOUR OLD MAN

Handsome white grizzled, whiskered boot-wearing Dad, 56, 5'10", 175, with thick uncut, 7", full-time hardon, seeks self-supporting, submissive, silent, worshipful, boot-licking, long-winded cocksucker son/slave. Live together. Permanent. Write Occupant, Box 8925, MPLS, MN 55408. (LF4721)

HTLV3-POSITIVE

Low T-Cell, GWM 160 pounds, blond, blue, cut, workout regularly, seek hot Master for total commitment. Willing to relocate (rural or urban). Box 4784

NAZI UNIFORM

Nazi uniformed, white power types wanted by WM leather dude, 35, PO Box 15530, S.E. Sta. Washington, DC 20003

NAKED SLAVE HOUSEBOY

Slim, boyish Asian male 5'5", 130, ready to submit body and mind to hunky white Master for total servitude and obedience. This slave body is available to be shaved and shackled for SM, BQ, WS, TT, sexual duties, punishment, domestic chores. Slave is serious, good worker, will satisfy right Master on full-time live-in basis and over indefinite period. Relocation possible. Sir! Slave awaits on knees the Master's commands by mail with address, phone and photo. Sir! Box 4888

DAD

30s, masculine, SC Texas, wants son to service my bull balls, tits and do my ass. Drummer Box 4881

LONGHAIRS ONLY

Hung/cut, fit leather/Levi rock with full head of long hair (brown) seeks same as sensual animal sex buddy (no pain or babble). Your picture and letter gets me. Box 4842

DADDY'S MAN

After ten years of being "out," I've matured to this. One man looking for another man—plain and simple. Professional, bold, clean, physically fit and confident, high expectations. 31 yrs, 5'9", 157 lbs. considered hunky, balding, hairy and currently bearded. The man I see is between 30 and 45 years of age, of good physical presence, has facial hair and possesses an aggressive nature which constantly seeks to satisfy its various needs including a varied and dynamic sexual appeal. Yes, I'm looking for a lot. Then again, I'm offering a lot: devotion and commitment, love and sexual intensity. A sincere response and current photo get the same from me. Reply to: PO Box 23035, Seattle, WA 98102. (LF4538)

BACKPACKING, X-C SKIING, FULL LEATHER

Moving to SF or Seattle by year-end 1985. Japanese-American, 31 y.o., 5'4", 125 lbs., ex-gymnast, tight hard body, good-looking, bearded, macho. Into masex in full leather: caps, cycle jacket, tight chaps, boots, gloves, ball-stretchers, fucking, sucking, C&BT, rough contact, 70% top, 30% bottom depending on partner. Safe, no smoke/dope, scat, fist, I'm in management, highly-educated, spend most weekends hiking/backpacking, bridge player, comfortable with straight social life. You: SF or Seattle leather stud, white, physically in-shape, mentally sharp, 25-40 y.o., no smoke/dope. Goal: hiking or leather partner to committed relationship. Picture with letter please. Will reciprocate. Box 4544, LF

PERMANENT SLAVE WANTED

by butch, attractive well-built 33-year-old Master. Must be trim, masculine, 18-30. Training will include long whippings and endless fuck sessions. Box 4445

BOTTOM SON WANTS HOT TOP DAD

Hot bottom man into hiking, camping, backpacking would like to meet hot top men for fun in Alaska. I'm 5'10", 172 lbs., br/br, moustache, masculine, good build, hot buns. Would like to meet men 25-45, masculine well-built, not fat, well-hung who know how to take charge of the action. Also interested in building a relationship as a good son to a younger, very masculine Dad. Letter with photo to Box 423, Kenai, AK 99611. (LF4403)

LOOKING FOR TOP/MASTER

Bottom, 6', 185, dark bearded, muscular, handsome, hairy, 40s, pierced, tattooed, big nipples, hands, feet, balls, thick cut? Into everything, especially FF, CBT/T, WS, balls, feet. No scat. Would be slave for right man. Can relocate. You: Top, over 6', 175, 11D boot, 7", bearded, long fat uncuffed, heavy low-hangers, muscular, handsome, big nipples, feet, not bald, 30s-40s, into FF, masex, taking charge. Exchange photos into tight letters. First ad. Box 4859

HOT ATLANTA TOP

Blond, blue 38, seeks well-built hung bottoms for lengthy Gr FF sessions. Letter, photo to Box 4860

DEAR SIR—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST

SON/SLAVE WANTED

by Daddy/master in late 30s. If you have a serious desire to be the son/slave of this blond 6'3" affectionate but no-nonsense Daddy/master, include photo and phone with your response. Assistance with relocation available if necessary. Box 4426, LF

HOT, HUNKY, TOP

GWM, 34 years, 5'11", 185 lbs, brown/blue, moustache, hairy chest with big nipples. I am a stable, intelligent, healthy professional. I'm looking for similar men to 40. I am into hiking, photography, BB, and good fun. Enjoy J.O. fitwork, massage into cowboys, U.C. leather. No drugs, fems. Send reply with photo/photo to Box 4675, LF

DISCIPLINE OF A COCKSUCKER

SCORES OF MEN needed to turn my cocksucker's fuck mouth into a slimy pig's whore hole. Bring your cock, spit, piss and come to help assure this scumbag never wants to get off its knees again. Men's rooms, book stores and bar stools will be its training grounds. Any recommendations of dirty, smelly, gory hole places will be appreciated. Join the lineup in New Orleans during Mardi Gras Feb 7-11. Sewer mouth begins its lessons by accepting anything you wish to say at (907) 276-5016. Show no courtesies! Ke hello or goodbye—just give your address for an infopak—along with anything else you'd like to say. It's name is just... Hole! (LF4805)

HOUSEBOY/STUDENT

I have, so far, been unsuccessful in my search for an eighteen or nineteen year old boy whom I can serve as a surrogate uncle and who can serve me as a Houseboy/Student. Many young people have responded to my previous ad, but most of them have been either older than twenty years of age, taller than 5'9" or heavier than 130 lbs.

But still believe that there must be one or two eighteen or nineteen year old gay boys who very much need my assistance, e.g. subsidizing his college or art school education, giving him emotional support, affording him the pleasure of serving an older man, and possibly most importantly pressuring him to forewear and abnegate the non-productive activities and ways of life of the gay world. This change in lifestyle would mean that the boy(s) whom I select would no longer be able to hang out at gay bars, no longer party till 3:00 AM, no longer smoke joints or cigarettes. Instead he would learn that he is a member of a minority group interspersed within the straight majority populace. Consequently, he must while still very young educate himself even better than his straight peers so that in the future, he can be prepared to successfully compete and succeed in the straight world.

No, I do not promise you a vacation or a picnic. For years of living with me would be easy. But I do guarantee you that at the conclusion of those four years you will be ready to continue your postgraduate education or begin your career. I will be treated as anyone I want to be. I guarantee you that you will have an education value system quite different from the one which is, unfortunately, held by the majority of young gays.

As well, I guarantee the successful candidates the security of knowing that your home life will be stable and you will have the pleasure of knowing that a 49 year old professional man (6'1", 165 lbs., very straight and youthful appearing, bearded, very hairy) cares for you, loves you, and needs you. Needs you very much! I have earned a lot in this world. And yet feel an aching void which can only be filled by my emotionally adopting a young nephew. Yes, I would very much enjoy restraining you and engaging in bondage and discipline games with you. But be assured you will never be hurt by me.

For whatever reasons my physical attraction to me as is I'm led to youths of a fifteen to twenty-two years of age (who appear younger) who are 5'9" or shorter, 130 lbs. or lighter, who have wavy hair, or are prepared to have it permed, who have a beardless beautiful boyish face and smooth hairless (or nearly hairless) boyish body. These are absolute requirements, requirements which will have to be proven by your supplying photos and copies of proof of age. If you do fit these requirements, please call me collect. Or if you do not fit these requirements but know someone who does and who may not see this ad, please bring it to his attention. If you do not fit these requirements (age, height, weight and appearance), please show respect for yourself and respect for the sincerity of my search and not waste your and my time by responding in a vain attempt to picture yourself as someone you are not.

My telephone number (914) 428-3991 collect. Hours to call: New York EDT 1:00 PM-Weekdays, 8 PM-9:30 PM-Weekends, 9 AM-6 PM. Telephone calls outside of these hours will not be accepted. Thank you. Good luck. do very much want to help the right boy(s).

HOUSEBOY/STUDENT—MARK

Of all the respondents to my previous ad, the boy who most impressed me was Mark of Iona. Mark, I very much want to serve you as your surrogate uncle while you serve me as my houseboy. Do, please, call me again, immediately. Mr. Stuart.

DAD LOOKING FOR SON!

If you are fem or into bars, games, drugs, or any other kind of bull shit, move on to the next ad. But if you need a REAL dad with a lot of love for you, let's talk. SON will be GWM 18-35, quiet, intelligent, industrious, loving, obedient, affectionate, submissive, very much daddy's little boy, and enthusiastically bottom. He needs a permanent, lifelong, protective and totally monogamous relationship with his dad, who will give him the love, security, parental guidance and dominance he needs. Legal adoption a possibility. DAD is GWM top, 37 bl/bl, moustache 6'2", professional, with many interests and a lot to offer his son: permanence, security, direction, protection, love and affection when earned, bare-assed punishment when deserved. WE will live in the country and develop mutual interests that will encourage your growth as my son, while we have fun, become best friends, and develop a sexy and healthy father/son family relationship based on respect and discipline. You will submit a complete description of yourself, your life and background as well as your needs in a relationship with your dad; you will include your address, telephone number and two photographs (snaps ok, revealing not necessary) no more than six months old, and you will receive as much in return—same day. So snap to it kid! DAD 11900 Winterthur Ln., #101, Reston, VA 22091 LF4524

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

BOOTS, BIKES,

BLUE COLLAR WORKERS

Full-time blue collar worker by day and occasional part-time outrageous cycle slut has fetish for high boots, black motorcycles and blue collar men. If you wear your boots at work and ride your bike to get there, maybe we can practice safe sex in your garage, playroom or barn. Likes mechanically minded men, muscles from hard work outside not pumping iron in a mirrored gym. Attends many bike runs and bar anniversaries in and out of the West and Rocky Mtn. area. Positive NO NO's drugs, paper pushers, tennis shoes, computers, rock videos, opera and high-tech preppies & clones. Slut is 35, 6'1", 220 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair and requires same who is a rider on their bike in bed and with their boots on. Box 2707LF

BOSSMAN RANGES FROM ROMANCE TO ROUGH

State: Healthy, hunky man, 47, 5'7", 155 lbs., well-built, rugged good looks, selfish yet caring, bright, warm, imaginative, sensuous, tactile, bearded, balding, big-dicked, tattooed, successful professional, wears leather, Levis, boots as well as suits, ties & jocks, diverse interests and a nice guy. Looking to meet another man/buddy over 40, together mentally and physically to horse around with, for a night or lifetime. Write with your phone number to RCS, PO Box 1064, New York City, NY 10022 (LF4749).

ACHTUNG!

Intense, heavy B/D, genital torture with real men! Action assured, no limitations or scene too bizarre. For one opportunity. Occupants: PO Box 34629, Tampa, FL 33634-0529

MEN IN UNIFORM!

I proudly wear a uniform as part of my profession. Seek same who wears his uniform naturally and not part of fantasy/ego trip. Am GWM 37, 5'9", 170 lbs. Looking for someone my age group or older to be my Master/lover/companion. Looks not important, but integrity, honesty, tenderness a must. For a true man I can be most flexible. Box 4869

OBEDIENT MAN WANTED

by mid 30s, 5'10", 160 lbs., hairy, bearded physician. You must be willing to serve and be between 21 and 45. Will train or relocate if necessary. Box 4871

ODDSEX

Pumpers, slappers, feet, panties, shaves, fannies, porn stars, tit whores, futurists, midgets, show-offs, retards, dogbrains, skinheads, grovelers, lat-toe perverts, animal eaters, painsops, widiots. Meat hairy hung tall scenemaster. No fluids. No reply without photo. PO Box 20052, New York, NY 10129

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

INTO LEATHER?

Me too. Also into Levis boots, old pickups, log cabins, hiking, camping, and romantic moonlit nights. Relationship oriented GWM 27, 6', 175, healthy and trim, seeks warm, sincere, and compatible male. It's time to find someone special and settle down. Terry Lee Risner, 96178 Spruce #2, Angola, Louisiana 70712. P.S. Relocation no problem.

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

Must be submissive, obedient, healthy into fucking, fisting, WS, rimming, whipping, heavy SM, leather. Master is 31, 5'10", 160 lbs., bearded hairy. Reply with photo. Serious only. Brndwell, Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357-0686

NEW SAFE SEX UNIT

Would like to receive and/or exchange leather or sex fantasies/experiences to help through this safe sex period. I am submissive leather slave, 30. Degradation, abusive and commanding letters okay. Too. Write to Box 4731LF

HOT LETTERS

ME 24, 6'1", 150, moustache, A/P French Greek. You 18-40 same interest. Write Kevin, PO Box 3222, Muscle Shoals, AL 35662

HELP

Desperate to find bondage Master for 6' 135 lb smooth with 6" thick. No severe pain, anal sex or fluid exchange, but needs prolonged creative bondage scenes and endless play with cock and body. If you exist, call Tom at (314) 241 2408

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

ALABAMA

SIR!

Masochistic Brutus-type slave seeks to be made worthy by sadistic and sane Brutus-style Master. If you have ever heard The Compound Tapes you know what I am and need. I am naked and awaiting your orders. Sir, Please Sir, don't write when you can call me now. 205) 442-8429. Call anytime. Please, sir, I need it BAD. Also would like to be trained to work over other slaves. Thank you, Sir! (LF4460)

TEACH ME, SIR!

WM, 6', 220, 44, full beard, desires friend/Top to show me how to be a bottom. Into some BO, CBT, dildos or the real thing. Have selection of "auto-erotic" hardware on hand. Must get to know and like respondents before getting on. Mutual discussion expected and assured. Montgomery area preferred. Box 4481LF

LEATHER, LEVIS & BOOTS

I would enjoy fun times with leather guys into Harley Davidson Motorcycles. Let's get together. Be my guest! I'm 49, 5'10", 160, W blue/brown. Enjoy as well: Horseback riding, mountain hikes, travel, oceans, music, good food & wine. Spend some time in L.A. each summer. Love leathers, levis & boots. Box 4482LF

FORESKIN HUMILIATION

21-year-old WM, cut at age 17 due to burn, a on speciality love doctors examining uncult penis. Photo exchange. Phone 1/0. Write to David, PO Box 59806, Birmingham, AL 35209

ALASKA

ALASKAN LOOKING FOR A DADDY?

Straight acting hairy, cut GWM 37, 200, blue/brown. Quiet evenings home, hottub, gardening, spit wood, fish, ocean. Likes Pavarotti, violin. JSA 603

LOOKING FOR WM UNCUT CHUBBIES

40-60 short, the body hair, 1m ALK 58, 215, Mawa an. Meet correspond, sawp nude pics. Box 4-122, Anchorage, AK 99509

UNCUT WANTS SAME

Would appreciate hearing from and meeting uncircumcised men. A photo would be nice. Thanks loads! USA 287

ANCHORAGE

Handsome Latin man, 31, well-endowed, wants fun and kink with white uncut males 25-40 into creative sex, no hangups. Send photo and letter to Box 3130, Anchorage, Alaska 99510

ARIZONA

PHOENIX DADDY

looking for young WM who needs to be taught a lesson. I will administer a good bare-ass spanking and fuck your mouth for good measure. Send detailed letter with phone number. Newcomers welcome. Box 4522LF

UNINHIBITED? SO AM I!

Like to write and meet others into c/w and skin. Like long, prolonged French sessions and cock pleasures. Enjoy it all! USA 113

NEW AGE ARIES MALE

30s slender attractive. Just happens to have very handsome foreskin covering a magic mushroom inside in which magical healing powers reside. USA 700

NORTHEAST CALIFORNIA

HOT DADDY'S BOY

30, 5'9", 160 lbs., nice pecs, ass. Seeks dominant leather Daddy into bondage, cigars, S&M to work over my hot asshole. Call (415) 821-6749 after 4 PM

VERSATILE COUPLE AVAILABLE for friendship and whatever we enjoy—cards, bowling and safe sex couples or three-ways OK. Both are Italian, one 37, one 39. Tel (408) 227-3774

VERY MUSCULAR ANGEL TYPE BIKER

looking for others into bondage, whips, dirty leathers, bikes, tattoos and other shit. 40 years, 6 ft., 225 lbs. Send photo & letter to PO Box 161495, Sacramento, CA 95816 (4575LF)

HOT KINKY REDHEAD

Lean, 6' hung 37 prefer B/D handballing with verbal fantasy, gym milks, yewes, n. incest. Eager to earn winning positions, p. ching or catching. Rob'n, San Francisco, Box 4907

HOT HARD LEATHER ACTION

Full leather chains, erect nipples hard pecks, defined stomachs, arms & legs ringed nipples fat dicks, uncut dicks with stretched overhangs shaved balls & assholes heavy G/BT T T V/A piss, enemas bear sweat spit grease oil & lubricants, S&M getting stoned heavy sloppy kissing pig sex. I want it all—in a SAFE hot environment! I'm 28, 5'10", 165 lbs with a very tight gym body defined rippled washboard stomach, firm pecks & arms shaved balls for heavy stretching & hung thick! I'm very versatile & very energetic. I'm looking for a stud who is just as energetic, 25-35, has a tight defined body hung well and is a no-nonsense leatherman! Let's get together and play hard in leather! Call Buddy at (415) 346-7416

EXPERIENCED S&M MASTER searching for slaves. You hot, under 30, trim, capable of heavy bondage whipping TT & CBT. Me hot 41, muscular AIDS-aware. Have well-equipped backroom. Send application to Box 4714. First consideration for applications with photo.

BOOTLICKING MASOCHIST

Whip and torture this health conscious intelligent, professional bootlicking cocksucking torture slave into 50's military boots. Fr Gr BD SM whipping and ball torture. Moving to SF soon and visit SF frequently now. Nauti us, computers, bridge, travel books. No WS anal FF rear Fr. Send phone to Box 4532LF.

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

EXPERIENCED SM MASTER searching for slaves. YOU! Hot, under 30, trim, capable of heavy bondage whipping TT CBT ME Hot 41 muscular AIDS-aware. Have well-equipped backroom. Send application to Box 4512LF. First consideration for applications with photo.

PIERCED, TATOOED

GWM, 41, tattooed, pierced, adventurous. Seeks men Cigars, uniforms and all basic pleasures. Photos exchanged. All answered. Box 4256LF.

SIR

I want to worship you, Sir! I, late 30s (look younger), 6' 180 slim, dark brown hair and eyes. Gr-p Fr-a. Looking for a monogamous relationship with a naturally dominant take-charge loving and caring big-muscled jock wrestler, football player, cop, military construction workers 25-45 into light TT, physical BD, sweaty muscles—show me new things. Out door scenes among the redwoods? want to please you, Sir! R/c. 1632 J Street Eureka, CA 95501

A NEW ENTRANT

on the way to superior Masterhood is where I place myself. After prolonged thought, introspection and exploration on the edge the time has arrived to "test pilot" the primary mission. Sexual evolution progressed me through the experiences of whoring, pigging, communicating, and understanding and rendered me proficient in each. The art of Mastering is the final and the most complex of these evolutionary effects. The development, skill and precision of practice in what I consider an art form is the objective; an objective intend to attain. Those capable of comprehending my headspace and interested in sharing the experience of the personal uniqueness with me on this journey are invited to contact me. My stats for the record: 38, white, tall handsome, trim masculine intelligent creative, successful, lustful, controlled and coldly calculating. Box 4472LF.

TOP THIS DADDY

GWM bottom, 40 155 lbs., 5'8", good cond. big seeks student jock for daddy-son relationship. CP/VA/HJM Box 4677

SLAVE BOYS WANTED

White daddy 30's, accepts pleas from submissive obedient bottoms to serve him. Open to many fantasies. Letters with photo answered first. Box 4723

SACRAMENTO LIVE IN LEATHER 5'9" 33, 160 lbs. med um build mustache, Asian leatherman seeking a permanent live-in relationship with another leatherman with same interests. Willing to relocate in Sacramento. Your photo gets mine. Box 4687

SLAVE DOG

29 years 6' 175 masculine handsome healthy slave/dog—mentally/physically strong, submissive, totally obedient into S M, B D FF TT WS and more looking for hot handsome masculine, demanding Master/Trainer. Serious about his business. Suite 205 2040 Park St. San Francisco CA 94109 (LF4554)

OPERA & TORTURE/LONG TERM Semi-muscular aggressive vgl stud 37, 150, 7", into 4-hr torture (both S&M, and essential monogamy. Seeks similar mate into same opera and startling achievement. Write Golt today with foto. Box 4875

WHIPS AND BONDAGE

Whips mostly top experienced. Bondage body shaving temporal piercing are special interests. Other fantasies. Well-equipped dungeon. Alexis, 249 Capp St. San Francisco, CA 94110

DOMINANTS WANTED UNDER 30 YO

by handsome masculine but passive WM 40's, for enforced sweaty sock and foot scenes. Photos answered. Boxholder. Suite 328 PO Box 597004 San Francisco CA 94159-7004

LEVI FREAK

Hot bearded 5'1" 40, will get into most anything with partner who also looks good and feels right in skin tight 50's Levi's raunchy or new. San Francisco Box 4755

LEAN, HARD, DEFINED MASO-SLAVE

seeks trim Sado-Master. Ready for dog training, complete toilet service, bondage, CBT, piercing, cigars. Any or all but more important your trip your way. I am 42 5'10" 150 Travel Photo, phone, descriptive letter to PO Box 5546 San Francisco CA 94103/LF4519

SLAVERY-OWNED-TORTURE

If you are haunted by these words, if you feel compelled to slavery, if you need to serve, then you will submit an appropriate application to: John Phillips PO Box 2755, San Francisco CA 94126. A man A Master. Sensitive yet cruel. Sophisticated but tough. Patient experienced perceptive. Accomplished and successful. Early 40s, tall well-built, damn good looking. Real slavery doesn't happen in a bar over a weekend or by fantasizing. Permanent ownership is achieved by thorough exploration, extensive training, and total commitment over time. The most intimate, personal relationship that two people can experience is a true master/slave relationship. (LF4533)

LATRINE DUTY

Good-looking stud 27 wants raunchy buddies. 2269 Market #254 San Francisco, CA 94114

NEED MATURE HAIRY

bearded FIST MASTER for steady mutual SAFE exploration by sincere 38 y o (415) 863-9756



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FAG MASCOT

seek to be a Connecticut man's fag mascot. Bikers, policemen, ex-inmates respond. My intentions are the following. In lieu of the AIDS crisis, I am seeking men who, in an otherwise situation would be bi-sexual but because of fear of health may have chosen to remain totally straight. I am not promiscuous and have not had sex with men for six years. I am seeking a group of men known to each other (two or more) who would like to have me as their sexual slave, like a bikers gang mascot. You will have the opportunity to ravage and own me as specific individual needs arise. Am 31, seeking men who are active/Greek. Discretion is of prime concern and the respect of mutual privacy. Must have experience and knowledge of what they desire. Willingness to commute to my place or abduction. Arrangements preconsented to to a private location. Maybe into S&M, am inexperienced, rough sex is fine, am orphan and need powerhouse influence. Desire to be trained to satisfy. Must respect my limits. Must enjoy unmistakably sex with women. Must be inclined to see themselves as my protector. Prefer encounter with no pretense, to possess attributes of compassion, affection, verbal abuse, manhandling. Must be macho, manipulative, sexually selfish, powerful, with wolf-like animalistic instincts. No quickies, must enjoy their conquerings. A Master over all situations, sex to them is an expression of aggression and relief and a symbol of their masculinity. Weekday meetings preferred, some weeknight meetings possible. Outdoor sexual activities possible like consented preplanned rape. Am healthy and seek same. Must respect only my right to privacy and expect same. Write to Boxholder PO Box 93, Deep River CT 06417.

DC-METRO

BEARDED MASTER

42, 5'10", 165 lbs., hung thick, experienced, understanding. Seeks clear healthy slaves for long sexual session in my fully-equipped "den". All scene except scat. Novice guys get TLC. I am in the Annapolis-Baltimore-DC area. Letters with photos get answered. A s looking for other good Masters. Box 3893LF.

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

WM, 37, 5'10", 155 Bl/Bl moustache, goatee SM, BO CBT TT WS, FR, GR. Seeks others into same both top and bottom. Write P.O. Box 2341 Manassas, VA 22110 (LF4696).

HOT FF BOTTOM

DC-Metro, hot FF bottom, into intense scenes, enjoy unusual and interesting mind games. Also enjoy a little surprise and novelty, not expecting your classic top-bottom situation. A little imagination concentrate hard. I'm 6', 180 lbs WM, and a real surprise. Alex. Box 4732LF.

GIANT DADDY

6'6", defined muscular 220 lbs. 45, ho looks, big dick/balls, wants boys/mer for service/games. Send photo/letter to #702, 2001 16th St. N.W. Washington DC 20009.

LEATHER TOP

27, 5'8", 165 lbs., BB into body worship and black leather. You: submissive under 35, into C&BT TT restraints & boot licking. Must have receptive mouth and ass. Send application & photo for reply Box 4883LF.

170 lbs. solid muscle. 5'10" 39, dark bearded InterChain 226. I am essentially dominant and totally masculine but can be warm, loving, considerate and a ways sensual. Self-confidence based on intelligence, experience, maturity and self acceptance. Years of residence in Stockholm, Paris, and Berlin have given me European flexibility. I am my own man and not captive of any role. Ardent handball enthusiast. Besides FF am into all sides of Fr Gr titwork and mutually satisfying S&M. Like both intense one-on-ones and group scenes. Very health conscious but that doesn't keep me from enjoying life. Sound interesting? Write Bob PO Box 30651 Bethesda, MD 20814-0651.

LEATHER-LOVING RUBBERMAN

Slender body available to be humiliated, tortured, subjected to bizarre experiments (202) 234-8382.

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

"THE SARGE"

33, 6 ft., 165 lbs., short brown hair, clean-shaven, goodlooking fun loving leatherman. Lookin' for a few good men. If you are muscular, defined, clean and together, a man who takes care of himself and knows how to take care of another man, if you've got the spirit, maybe you can join my corps. Sarge is top, but always welcomes correspondence from other tops. Send a picture for an answer. C'mon, don't be shy. Now stand at ease and start writin'. Box 4526LF.

HAIRY, HUNG DADDY

seeks Slaveboy/Daddy's Boy for possible permanent relationship. Daddy is 49, 5'10, hairy and hung big. Boy is younger (but legal age) smooth, with a big uncut dick and low hangers. Boy must be obedient, eager to serve, looking for love and security. Daddy can provide good home life, training, strict control and all decisions. Can travel anywhere or meet you here in Florida. Photo and submissive letter required. Box 4453LF.

SLAVE NEEDS INSTRUCTION

Slave with little experience looking for Master who can provide proper training. Slave is 35, 5'11", 200 lbs., blond blue eyes. Into doing Master's wishes. Limitations: No drugs, scat, piercing or marks. Please, Sir, train me to serve you. Box 4461LF.

FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine, attractive top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for "training" in heavy bondage and light SM. Limits respected. Can go bottom for competent top interested in safe sex. Discretion required and reciprocated. Jake Leonard #24751 Ft. Lauderdale FL 33307.

BONDAGE BUDDIES WANTED

Masculine, imaginative, adventurers sought for bondage, whipping, slow torture, sweat. Versatile WM 32, 6'6", slim, masculine seeks men with cowboy type torture fantasies for safe sane, discrete sessions. No injury lasting marks, fluid exchange. Photo appreciated. Box 4637.

WANTED: FULLTIME SLAVE

by Master (30, 5ft. 10 in., 165 lbs. bearded, hairy). Must be submissive, obedient, healthy into leather, heavy S&M B&D, G/P F/R, FF/P, and more. Must submit to complete training for duties. Sincere only. Apply with photo to Bridwell, PO Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357-0686.

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BOOT SERVICE

Looking for construction worker in jeans or leather daddy type to make me lick his boots and manhandle me. Please make me earn your boots and the privilege to grovel at your feet. No strings, safe fun only, please. Your photo gets mine. Occupant, Box 140283 Miami FL 33114-0283.

FT LAUDERDALE

Masculine experienced top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for "training" in heavy bondage and light S&M. Lim is respected. Discretion required/reciprocated. If you not serious enough to include a photo then save the stamp. Jake Leonard, PO Box 24751 Ft. Lauderdale FL 33307

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

WANTS TO LEARN MORE, SIR!!

Boy bottom 28, WM, 170 lbs., stocky moustache seeks hairy, raunchy Daddy/top, to SS, to use/teach me. Prefer hairy uncut, bear belly but all mature masters will command me, for h m s e or to entertain same friends. No scars or scat. Learning to enjoy leather CB/TT WS, FF and all kinky fun! Let me learn to satisfy you, SE Florida, and Detroit/Chicago tri-annually. Box 4806LF

CHUBBY CHASIN' DADDY

wants smooth hot plump slaves under 25. Nonsmokers only! Pix and nfo to Daddy PO Box 7294, Fort Lauderdale FL 33338

REAL MAN WANTED—ORLANDO AREA

WM 37, 5'8", 145, 8", medium hairy build bottom new to S&M—will do anything for the right master. Phone & photo gets quick reply—will answer all. Box 4885

HOT ATLANTA TOP

Blond, blue, 38, seeks well-built hung bottoms for lengthy Gr FF sessions. Letter, photo to Box 4860

HOT KNIGHT IN AUGUSTA

Hol, masculine, muscular, 44 yr old white, motorcycling leatherman seeks permanent relationship with man into leather, uniforms, boots. Speedo swim briefs and big bikes. Must be open, honest, mature, 35-50 yrs. and willing to become my workout partner. Motorcycling buddy, companion, friend and lover. Into light to moderate, health-conscious S&M. Prefer the top role but enjoy switching with man I respect. No fems, freaks, albies, druggies or weirdos. Send photo please. Box 4728LF

HOUSEBOY & ALL HOT MEN

CWM duo 29 and 36, both 5'10", 150 lbs., moustaches, smooth/hairy. Seek hot tops or bottoms, singles or couples for hot times with no hang-ups. Any & all scenes with mutual respect. Got a fantasy let us make it a reality! Also looking for houseboy/slave live in or out with initial input considered. Will train no experience OK. Photo, phone detailed letter. PO Box 76125, Atlanta GA 30358-1125 (4700LF)

ATLANTA S&M

Top (sadist), bottom (masochist), into leather BD, whips and paddles, CBT d. does, FF and safe sex, looking for singles, couples, or groups into all, or any of the above. This top is 5'8", 41 bearded, intense and experienced. Bottom is 40, 5'8", clean-shaven, muscular, good looking, into heavy bondage and exhibitionism. Your picture, phone number and letter gets ours. Write 1096 Monroe Dr NE, Atlanta, GA 30306 (LF4866)

TRAINING—COMPUTERS

Would like to join with others in Atlanta in enforced training and discipline. Also would like to make contact with others with computers. Box 4710LF

SEE

This Atlanta slave awaits your discipline and orders. I am 33, 5'9", 140 lbs and need your help and training please. Sir Box 4409LF

WANT TO WORSHIP THIS SLAVE

WM, 27, 6'0", 180 lb. slave. Sir, this southern boy needs to worship you and your boots. Sir! Sir! This boy is into WS shaving, BD SM, TT, and rough ass play. Sir! Dominant Master needed. Please write Sir or call 404-881-0294. Sir, this boot boy is on his knees waiting for your orders. Sir! Box 4483LF

SLAVE

Hung, chiseled, Southern boy seeks those interested in WS GS, erotic shavings and unusual JO scenes. Serious replies with good photo and letter from anywhere gets my immediate response. PO Box 9806, Atlanta, GA 30319

ATLANTA

WM 35, 6' 165 lbs., athletic and masculine seeks firm or hard-bodied top WM whose dick needs deep oral service. Bondage okay. MS, Box 8375, Atlanta GA 30306

VERSATILE

Attractive WM, 38, 6'2", beard, masculine, sensual, seeks hot sessions with good-looking, slender smooth, verbal guys 25-40 into good smoke, amyl toys, enemas WS, light bondage, shaving, greasy wet or torn jocks or briefs 50's, outdoor sex, exhibitionism and fantasy scenes. Send letter with photo and phone to Drummer Box 4857

SLAVE-MODEL, NO. GEORGIA

Master WM 40s, heavy build demands a slave. WM 20s, who is well-built, very affectionate, humble, obedient, ready for full-time, permanent, chained service as boot boy, body slave, field hand, model, lover. This position is not for the half-hearted or insincere. No drugs, FF, scat, damage. A photo is required with resume to Drummer Box 4855LF

COLLEGE STUDENT

22, 5'10", 165 lbs., likes sports, fun etc. Must have similar interests (18-25). PO Box 8657 ISJ, Pocatello, ID 83209. Pen pals welcome. No lats, fems, weirdoes

SEE

WANT TO BE A SLAVE? SEND YOUR PHOTO

5'6" muscular 30 seeks tall clean-cut military master for T/T, spanking, humiliation. Description, scenes to Box 6681, Chicago IL 60680

SEARCHING FOR TOP MAN

WM 42, 5'11", sensitive, loving, professional straight appearance. Factive, G passive, seeks well-built heavy-hung B/W/Spanish man to use hungry deep throat and hot, eager, receptive hole. Send photo and description of needs to PO Box 592, Springfield IL 62705

MATURE MALE MASTER

white, seeks slaves and submissives for casual sessions. Not interested in teacher role, dopes, drunks, or leather queens. Want men 18-50, white or Oriental who are healthy in good shape, well-set-up and know the score. Prefer between 5'1" and 6'0" and 130 to 180 lbs. Box 4404LF

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GET YOUR FANTASIES FULFILLED
Chicago Master 43, 6'3" 190# with well-equipped Dungeon/Playroom including swing wants submissive slaves or bottoms for obedience training, bondage, humiliation, discipline, fraternity initiations, paddling, C&B work, SM exhibitionism etc. All limits respected. Photos of sessions available if desired. Novices accepted. Race no problem. Will be Drummer Dad to deserving young studs. Also require occasional services of slave to maintain & care for leather toys and playroom and to perform miscellaneous tasks. Send photo if possible to PO Box 2630, Chicago IL 60690

VERSATILE

WM, 5'11", 180 lbs., wrestler's body. Top and/or bottom, like to switch back and forth. Primarily into bondage, slow TT, belly torture, CBT, WS, moderate whipping, asswork except scat and fisting, into gladiator, prisons and armed forces torture scenes. I have a well-equipped playroom. Any age or race. Limits respected. Please no letters or terms. Interested in action not correspondence. Mike, Box 393, Melrose Park IL 60160

SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS DEAR SIR

SLIM BLACK MASTER

still seeks slavedog for training. Into total domination of puppy or mature hound. PO Box 122 Terre Haute IN 47788

LOOKING FOR

Craig of Ft. Wayne and T.W. of K. Please contact Dennis at PO Box 12 Terre Haute, IN 47808

BONDAGE SLAVE

anxious to serve WM 160 5'10" tall with some limited experience is anxious to be put into your control and to perform services which my master demands. Also interested in initiation experiences either by myself or with other initiates. Am not into FF or electric shock but would expect strong discipline for master's pleasure. Can travel on weekends in Northern and Central Indiana, or even West Central Ohio. Would also be interested in prisoner scenes being used as an animal and dungeon experiences. Discretion essential. Box 4475LF

DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

FT WAYNE AREA

Bring me your fantasies! W/M 5'11" 180 lbs., blond/blue, hairy into everything from cuddling and playing gently all the way to heavy S.M. whipping, paddling etc. FF a specialty! Mostly top but extremely versatile. We can work out your mildest or wildest fantasies together. Can travel and entertain. Photo appreciated, but not necessary. Reply Drummer Box 4705LF

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

CUM TO YOUR MASTER

Dominant Master/Daddy 35 5'10" 155 seeks slave to surrender his body up for his Master's pleasure. You will give yourself totally to this Master and receive proper care and training in return. Prefer 18-30, short, good build but will consider other hot, sexy situations ready to call me Master. The Master PO Box 1373, Manhattan KS 66502

HORNY GUYS WANTED

Weekend/occasional action sought from butch, uninhibited top. I am 24 in 5' height and seeking a confident, well-knocked top who can control and humiliate without gadgets. Will travel in KC, Lawrence and Topeka area for horny guys who can handle it. No taste goes unconsidered. Write with description of self and return address and/or phone. Box 4906

DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

MOTORCYCLE COP

New Orleans WM 30 6' 165 LF4458 seeks WM into the smell, taste, feel of hot black leather. There is no such thing as too much black leather: tall black leather boots, breeches, gloves, chaps, jeans, jackets, belts, caps. Prefer to be bottom, but versatile. Also into toys. My breeched ass works on a HD by day and I ride a V65 Magna at night in leather. Also have Kawasaki Ninja and am heavy into motorcycles and motorcycle gear. Police uniforms and gear also into BD SM—light to heavy scene, action only. Cigar smoker. Phone JO ok Call (504) 282-0729. PO Box 57161, New Orleans LA 70157. No novices. If you aren't dedicated to leather, call someone else.

NOVICE SLAVE

WM 30 bl/bl, good-looking needs sane AIDS aware leatherman to serve expand limits. Shaving CBT V/A, toys, fantasies etc. Locals only. Box 71313 New Orleans LA 70172

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

TIE ME UP AND ?

Serious bondage bottom interested in prolonged sessions. Box 2186 South Portland, ME 04106. All answered LF4459

EXHIBITIONIST

will serve you and/or your next party. Bobby Box 4861

SLAVE SLAVE SLAVE

If I haven't made it perfectly clear that's what I am—ready to be used by my hot leather Master. I respectfully submit my 30-year W/M, 6', 175 lb. hairy body to the hands, cock, boots and bindings of my aggressive and dominant top. I need to obey your orders, grovel under your leather boots, yield my mind and body to your total control. Limits: drugs, scat fisting, shaving, permanent damage—very health conscious—but still obedient. Your turn! Please show and tell me why I need you to enslave me. Box 4848

NOVICE SLAVE WANTED

for long-term B&D. Light S&M. Patient training firm discipline. I'm 25 muscular, hung. You are 21-30, muscular under 5'10". Send physical description, revealing photo and respectful letter to Box 4825

HAIKY BOTTOM SEEKS MASTER
Boston WM 26, trim bottom, looking for hairy top to show me the ropes. BD TT VA WS. Sir, teach me. Photo and phone to Box 4840



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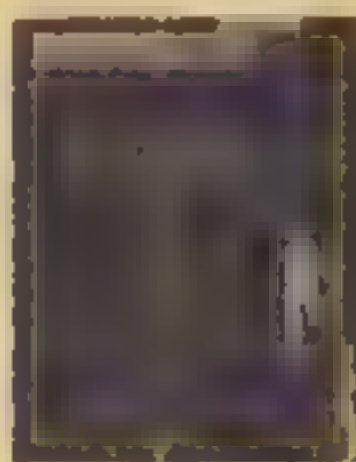
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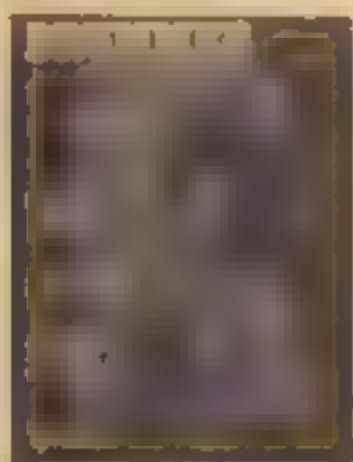
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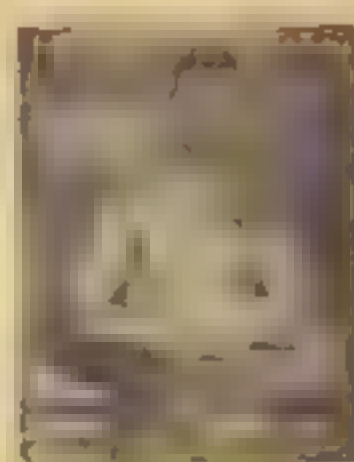
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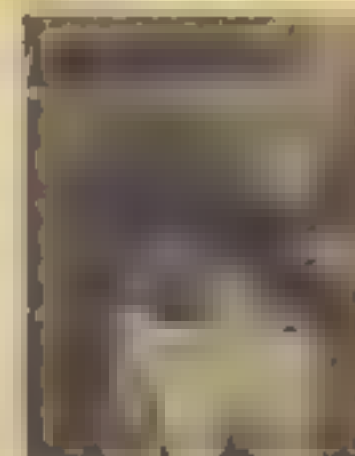
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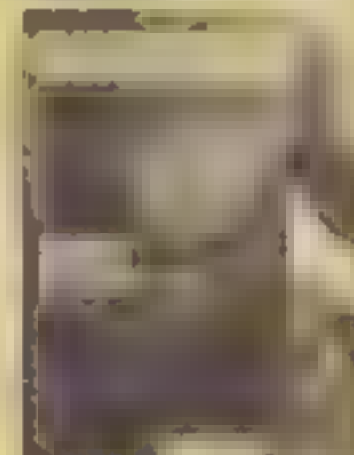
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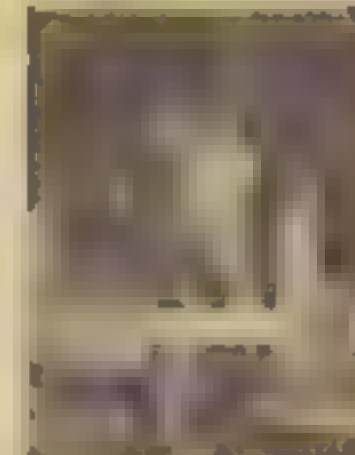
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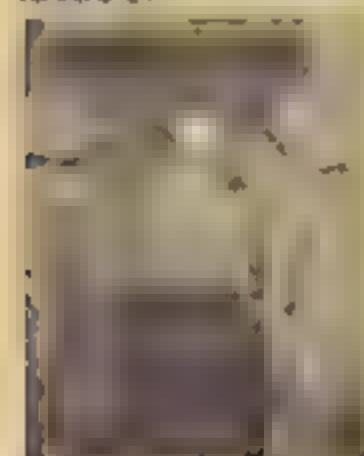
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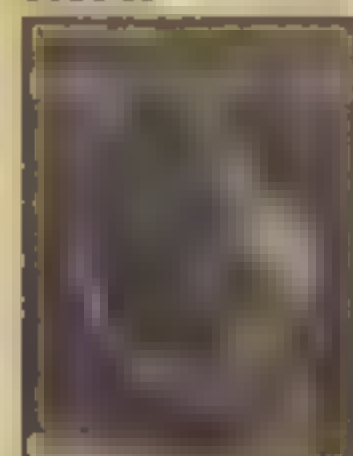
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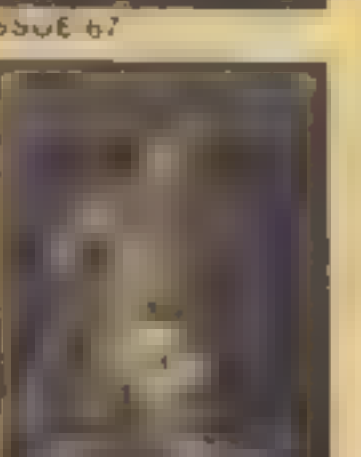
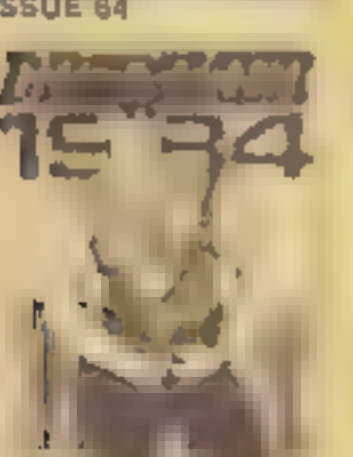
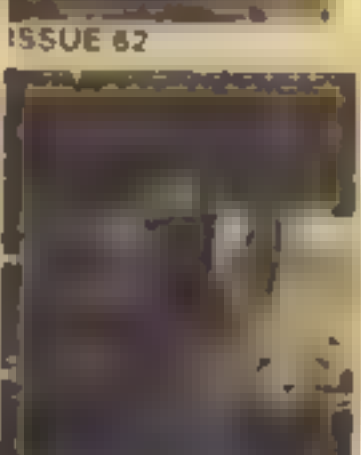
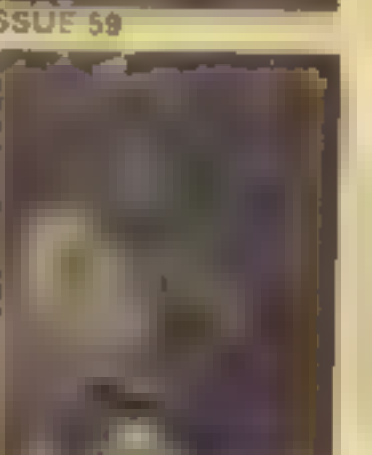
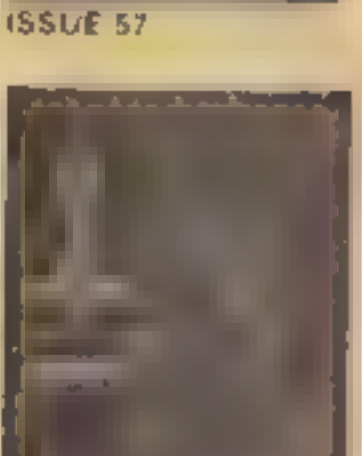
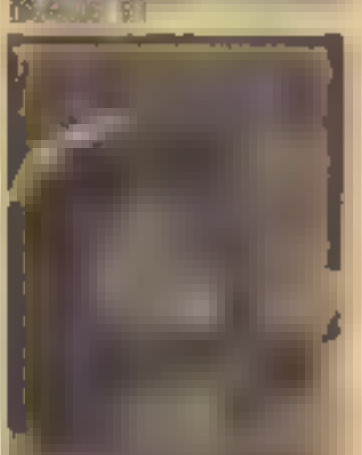
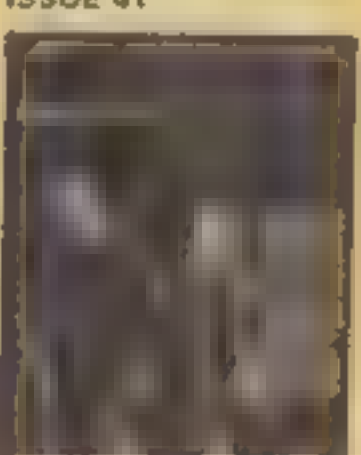
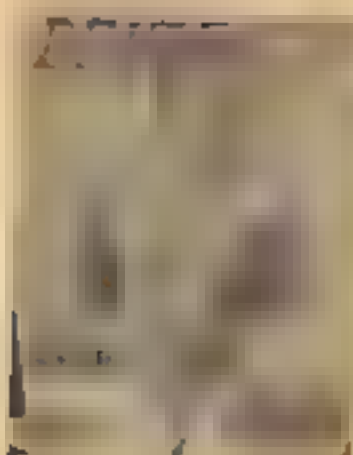
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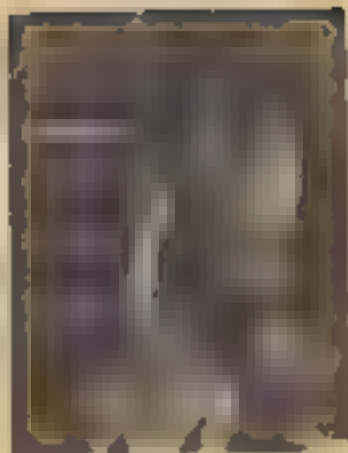


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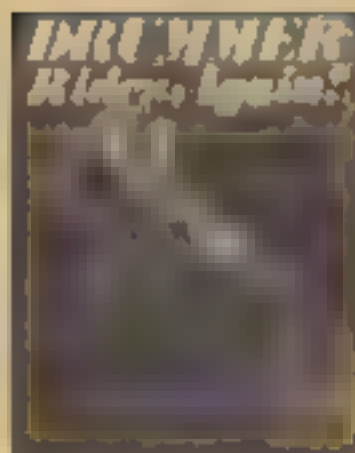
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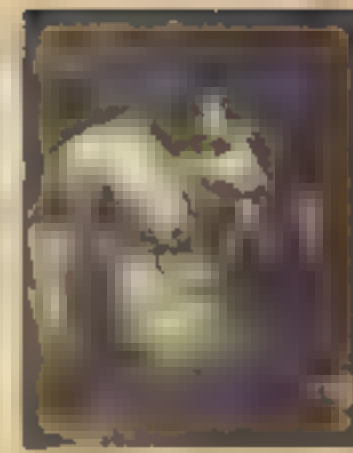
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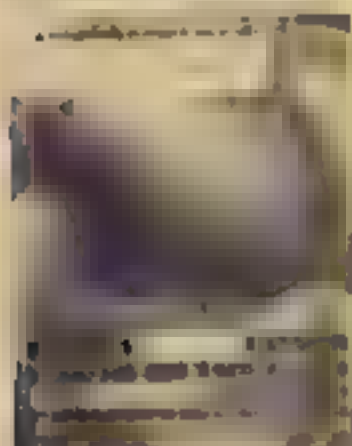
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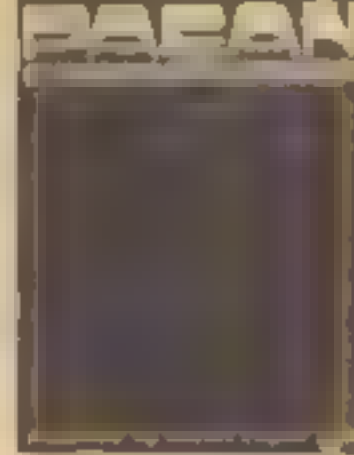
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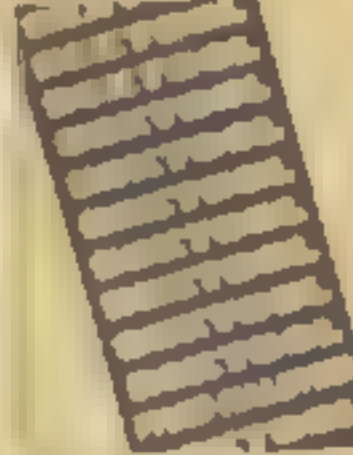
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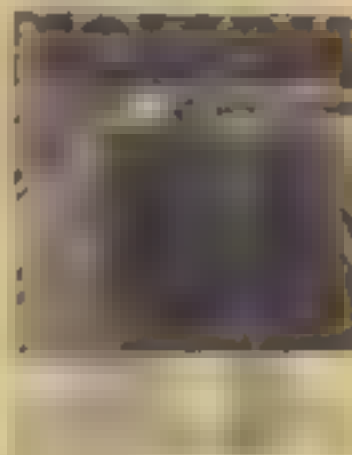
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BLACK LEATHER and BONDAGE
WM 27, 6'1", 185 needs bootied, gloved arrogant Leather Master for dog training, humiliation, heavy VA and heavy bondage (gags, hoods, collars, cuffs, etc.). Send me your orders, Sir, and I will obey. Complete discretion requested. Box 4576LF

TOTAL LIVE-IN SLAVE
Dad and Son want a GWM approx 6' tall, 170 lbs, slim body no facial hair, who is ready to relocate immediately to a small town and live in a large house. You will do house and yard work but will not work a job. We will support your slave. We are into leather, rubber, SM, B&D, TT, shaving and W/S. Playroom is well equipped to provide discipline when required. No ferns, drugs, FF, or scat. For in hat contact, call (413) 267-5278 before 10 P.M. Eastern time. We are ready are you? A doctorate in slavery is not required. LF4247

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

GWM
35, 5'8", 140, trim well-built, masculine seeking same 20-40, for Master/slave relationship. Would like to be examined in my skin-tight jeans and T-shirt with white Hi-top Nikes, bound at wrists hanging from ceiling. Paddle my light ass in levis then strip me, torture my cock and balls with leather straps, then shave my masculine cock hairs till I'm bald. Shave my ass cheeks until they're smooth. Keep me hard for hours until my Master makes me cum. Box 4405LF

INDEPENDENT BOTTOM
Boston area, seeks a mature (35-plus) Top, who wants the willing service of an intelligent, thinking and bottom into bondage, discipline, WS, raunch, and uniforms. I'm 40, 5'11", 170, blond, clean-shaven, smooth body, cut. Ultimate goal is a healthy dominant-subordinate relationship involving the intellect, spirit and body. Sir, let's explore the possibilities. Reply to Box 4474LF. All replies will be answered.

WM, 41, 6', 185 LBS.
Bottom seeks top for pleasure trips into pain. Turned on by bondage, whippings, tit-cock-balls torture and lots of piss. Not into drugs, scat, FF, blood and damage. Seek same top/buddy for mutually satisfying times. Photo/phone for early meeting. Box 4724LF

NEEDED: LEATHER MAN
Bottom man needs knowledgeable erotic top man into bondage. I am 33, 5'8", 140 lbs and eager to learn more of leather hoods, gags, restraints, gloves, chaps, jocks, rubber and hot scenes with erotic hot top. All replies will be answered as you order. I travel all of New England. Box 4757LF

HUNKY HUNG SON
wanted by hairy, hung, hunky, well-built leatherman Dad who visits Boston twice monthly. No kidding! Just be sincere, affectionate, obedient! Regular safe sex possibilities are rampant! (207) 288-4525

ACTIVE TRAINEE
Masculine male needs to be subdued. Tell me how you would do it. Box 4850

CONTRASTS
A stinging slap on the butt, a gentle caress. A harsh, demanding Master who loves his boy when he's good and punishes him when he gets out of line. An adoring slave who lives to serve his master but has a mind of his own. Leather, bondage, discipline, boot-licking ass, cock, tit and ball play, raunch, wrestling, fantasy. I'm a well-built, handsome, little guy 30, into either or both roles. Health conscious no one-nighters. Box 102, Boston, MA 02111

MICHIGAN

JACKSON AREA TOP
36-60 170 lbs well-built long thick uncut 10" topman into man-to-man leather SM sex GR FR FF CB BD TT WS toys you name it! You Masculine 20-45 with hot eager hote submissive and willing. Write with photo, specs, # and your favorite fantasy. Box 4539LF

HOT MASTER
has opening for recruit. Send resume and photo to: Rear Admiral Mark, PO Box 50014, Novi, MI 48050.

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

MINNESOTA

FETID FORESKIN
on raunchy 38-year-old 150# 5'10" p.g. needs attention from other raunchy freaks who are 35-50, beery, dirty, hairy UC & mean. Hot, filthy correspondence welcome. 457LF G and PO Box 6194, Minneapolis MN 55406

WICCAN PRIEST
rides 1000cc bike same SM. Wants to contact those with similar interests. Write for details. Box 4527LF

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER!
Photo, phone please. Write to Box #1090S

BLUE COLLAR BUDDIES
Slim, horny dude would like to meet aggressive men for good times. Hot cocks needed to pin my ass to the ground. No fats or queens, please. Box 4899

DADDY WANTS SON
Seeking young man for permanent relationship. Daddy/Master 5'165, 41 stable sensitive, sincere, loving, dominant/leather Son/slave slim, smooth 18-30 (youngest given preference, all others considered), submissive, obedient, needs and wants someone to take control of his life and provide direction and security. Son should desire affection as well as light SM, BD, humiliation, ownership, shaving, WS, verbal abuse, being fucked; must be excellent cocksucker. Novice okay as son will be fully trained to serve and service his Daddy/Master and will derive pleasure from knowing that he is serving his Daddy well. Serious sons should send application letter and photo to Box 4202LF

MINNEAPOLIS
Slim male would like to meet hard drivin', hard fuckin' truckers. Please no phones, queens, or bullshit. Box 4804

PRISONER AVAILABLE FOR TORTURE
Bond slave 22 seeks dom/male master for confinement and torture. Whips, spread-eagle, TT, CB&T, dildos, stretching, obedience and training. (612) 874-9239 Box 4703

COWBOY TRUCKERS
Slim hungry dude wants to meet hot truckers with horny cocks, to slam up my tight ass and into my willing throat. No drunks or lags. Box 4904

SLAVE/FUCK BOY
Wanted by experienced top for hot sessions including dildo work. To age 32, any race. Send letter and phone number to Sir, PO Box 3872, Loring Station, Minneapolis, MN 55404

MISSISSIPPI

LOW HANGING BALLS?
WM age 36, attractive, wants to be slave for man to age 45 with big hanging balls. Everything goes. Box 4396

MISSOURI

SEARCHING FOR LEATHER MASTER
heavily into bondage, enemas, rubber, shaving, etc. Slave is white, 26 yrs, 170 lbs, medium build, novice—needs training and servitude. Master will have devoted slave. Please write soon. Sir Box 4555LF

WANTED!!
White male who is serious about our way of life. Who expects to be treated as property and will make his Master proud of his property. All responses to include address, phone number and photo which will be returned on request. Box 4719LF

JIMMY MAC
from KC, MO, what's become of you? Contact Fred from Springfield, MO now living in New Orleans, LA. Boxholder, PO Box 8734, New Orleans, LA 70182

BONDAGE BUDDY WANTED
33 5'0" 160 lbs enemas be n g B D, NO CHAINED or STRAPPED DOWN and could enjoy doing the same to you. Not anal or orally oriented. Enjoy JD fantasies with another man who is into leather, uniforms or other fantasies with bondage and light SM is OK. If you are masculine, thin or muscular man, 18-40 years old and enjoy man struggling against their bonds, send photo. I would like to get together for mutual fun. Box 4816LF

NEW JERSEY

NEW JERSEY
GWM 38, 5'7", 140 lbs extremely health-conscious, into spanking TT, crotch shaving, CBT, enemas, VA, humiliation, prostate, prostate rather than give but will consider trade-off with right person. No exchange of body. 105 PO Box 74 East Brunswick NJ 08816

STRAPPINGS/EXAMINATIONS/
Formally administered to deserving young men Reform-school style. Call this handsome 31-year-old, hairy guy (201) 635-7066.

TORTURE TURN YOU ON?
Wonder how much you can take? Find out. Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30), well-built captives, man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded as naked and chained, you twist, sweat and moan under slow torture and the whip. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. Weekend trips and outdoors a specialty. (201) 874-6725 weekdays after 8:00 pm EST anytime weekends.

SAFE RAUNCHY PIG SEX WANTED
GWM, 25, seeks attitude not looks MEN, not boys. I grovel, you get off! Travel to NY or PA. PO Box 284 Hamburg, NJ 07419

BERGEN COUNTY
White male, 30, 6'2" 210 seeks same 18-35, for hot scenes, spanking, humiliation, shaving, discipline, no scat. Prefer give and take. Let's get hard together. Box 4873

TORTURE TURN YOU ON?
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NEW YORK

39, 140 LBS., BLOND
green 8" cut, hot, hung, horny and into everything you can imagine. PO Box 9152, 800 West 58th Street NYC, NY Box 4557LF

TOTALLY JADED
38, 170 lbs., blond/green, 8" cut, hot, hung, horny and into everything you can imagine (4557LF). PO Box 9152, 800 West 58th Street New York, NY

MACHO TOP
I'm a m d-50s macho top, with a mid-40s body and a m d-30s mind, looking for a macho man who needs care and affection and is willing to commit himself to creating a mutually rewarding relationship. Must also be willing to share mutual trust whether it involves sexual limits, finances or friends. I am 155#, 5'10", medium-hairy, muscular and athletic, sensuous, dominant, sexually experienced and versatile and uncensored, so am not looking for a "discreet" relationship. I also happen to like bars, baths, raunch and responsibility. I have never had any STD's and am AIDS negative and medically knowledgeable. Professionally I am a scientist, financially secure and can support you fully within limits, but expect you to have motivation and a rational purpose in life or be willing to let me help you find one. Your facial features, physical condition and emotional maturity are important to me, so please send a recent photo. My last lover was a model, but that's not a requirement. I do expect you to be sincere, honest and to respect yourself and your body, and to be willing to make yourself important to me. I haven't mentioned leather, but I wouldn't advertise in *Drummer* if that were unimportant. Box 4520LF

STUD vs. STUD
wrestling/lighting WM 8', 185 lbs., 28, extremely good-looking, blond, blue eyes, muscular stallion, LF4407. Looking for other hot, muscular studs into wrestling/lighting for top. Winner takes all—loser gets fucked long and hard. Looking for men who are 21-45, top, G/A, muscular and willing to lay their ass on the line in wrestling/lighting, ball tug-of-wars, cock fights and other combat for hot, hard matches to submission. I get into wrestling in leather, oil, piss, mud, naked and in jock straps. Looking for men who are also into ball tug-of-wars, wrestling with balls tied together and other hot, hard combat that leads to sex. No bottoms need apply only looking for serious fighters. Black bodybuilders/wrestlers and muscular Hispanics can try... if they think they can handle it. Still waiting to meet the man I can't beat. Wanna wrestle? Located outside New York City, visitors/challengers welcome. Write with picture to M.S., PO Box 712, Kings Park, NY 11754

TOP/MASTER/SADIST
I am a safe, sane, very experienced top/master/sadist into all S/M and more. No damage, no harm, no hurt you but never harm you. Or scenes with professional equipment part of scenes you will not forget. Write Sir Paul, Broome PO Box 4369, Old Village Station Great Neck NY 11027 (LF4255)

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For those S/Males who have to have the very best, and for those special individuals who are into collectibles of tit clamps and tit play. Introducing the Rolls Royce, another style of dial-type adjustable tit clamp, expensive and worth every dollar!



NEW Turn-on Adjustable Tit Clamp #102 B "The Rolls Royce"

The Rolls Royce of tit clamps, the ultimate in elegance, form and function.

TOP OF THE LINE SERIES

#102 A Turn-on Adjustable Tit Clamps—
"The Cadillac"—Dial M for Murder (with black removable vinyl tips)

#102 B Turn-on Adjustable Tit Clamps—
"The Rolls-Royce"—Dial control, the ultimate in elegance and function (with nickel-plated removable vinyl tips)

#48 Nipple Gripper Tit Clamps—
"The Mercedes"—Firm plunger command (with nickel chain)



**Retail—at fine leather shops
and from your favorite
mail order company**

ASS LICKER

available for individuals or groups. Anybody over 30. Also cocksucking NYC only. Phones get faster reply. Box 323, NYC 10023.

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Hot, hairy, NYC jock, 39, 5'10", solid 160 into man-to-man heavy body contact, face punching and verbal act on between 2 raunchy jock-filled studs. Also spit, hairy pits and pees. Wants a man who gives what he takes. Photos answered first. Box 4573LF.

SCORE YOURSELF

Are you 1) Young, 2) good looking, 3) muscular, 4) healthy, 5) submissive, 6) obedient? Are you prepared for 7) Slavery, 8) training, 9) punishment, 10) two tall good looking blond men in their 30s—Master and slave? Add one point for each YES. If you score a 10, send details for each YES accompanied by recent photo for verification of first three questions. Extra points will be given for essay detailing additional qualifications. Box 673LF.

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

WM, 42, discreet, sincere, LF4471, cul seeks licensed surgeon especially H.S. panic any age rare in the Tri-State Area to engender piss and enlarge tits, nipples, implant multiple piercings, tits, nipples, cock, balls, ass, large belly and catheterization to emanate for days plus extensive urological, cystoscopic, proctological exams, steroid and estrogen therapies. Anesthetic possible, optional. Have adequate health insurance and am prepared to pay privately if necessary for professional talents not reimbursable into cock suturing, ball-sac reduction, rectal enlargement and severe recircumcision. Contact experimental "animal" at (516) 285-5181 9 PM-7 AM Mon-Fri and 24-hours weekends. Write Boxholder, Box 3092, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017. Please call, doctor—your slut needs this.

MAN-TO-MAN

Masculine bodybuilder, 32 years, 45 chest, 32 waist, solid, hard muscled, big arms & pees, dark hair, moustache, Italian masculine and straight appearing, intelligent and sensitive wants to meet dominant no-nonsense take charge man into manly physical action and intense mental and emotional exploration. Extremely health-conscious. Our physical and emotional limits expanded. Nick PO Box 1350, Jackson Heights Stn, New York, NY 11372 (LF4020).

MACHO BOTTOM

41 year old, 5'5", 192 lbs., husky ex football player with huge, sensitive chest and warm buns looking for dominant, passionate top who enjoys leading relative newcomer (recently divorced) into loving SM & WS scenes. Age, looks unimportant. Box 4812.

ATHLETIC TOP

New to leather, anyone want to train his top? Me GWM 44, 5'10", 165, muscular, sensitive, Gr/A, Fri. Your good body, smart. Goal hot monogamous relationship. Ph/Ph to Box 203, 70 Greenwich Ave New York NY 10011.

SKIN TIGHT PANTS

Leather/rubber/Levi/tights. Admire bulging crotches. Jerk, handle our big thick cocks, balls. Explore fantasies. Muscles a plus. Not reply for serious action. Box 4884.

SWEATY HORNY JOCKS

Do you fantasize your big feet (size 11+) serviced by a hot WM, 29, 6'1", 185, who is very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call (212) 675-7352 after 9 P.M. for real locker room action.

MASTER DADDY SEEKS BOY/SLAVE

GWM, 38, 5'8", 150, beard, black/green, requires total obedience. Box D-34, 496 Hudson, New York, NY 10014.

BLACK FREAK (SM)

35, into big-built S&M brothers. Also black cops. Discreet, FF, WS, hot wak, mind concentration, tit play. Box 4870.

FANTASIES FULFILLED

Trim, bearded master, 35, needs slaves or bottoms for obedience training, bondage, discipline, and verbal abuse/humiliation. Have well equipped dungeon and broad, eager tool. Applicants must be healthy, trim, under 35. Arrogant punks & novices welcome. Reply with phone & photo. J. Miller, Box 3086 Kingston, NY 12401 (LF4092).

MUSCLE POWER

Super hot muscular jock is looking for other muscle-bound jocks into muscles, bodybuilding, leather, going barefoot and barechested. Showing off our hot bodies and big bulges in tight sweat pants or 501 jeans. I am looking for straight-acting, muscle jocks who want and demand the best in hot, uninhibited sex and man-to-man action. I get into wrestling, boxing, bodypunching, general horsing around, posing and flexing, sex challenges, heavy ball work, leather, Harveys, oil sweat exhibitionism, piss and hard sex. I am W, 29, 5'10", 170 lbs. of man, with a rock hard, ripped body. I have brown hair and eyes, mustache, hot, rugged good looks, and a 12" cock, and a real cocky straight attitude. I am health conscious so I limit myself to a few hot and horny muscle-bound men like myself. You must be 18-40, a true muscle jock into the above with a spirit of adventure. So if you are interested, heavily muscled and into muscle, then reply with picture. Then we can get together, pump up, oil up and put our hot muscular bodies through a hot sexual workout. Reply with photo to Duke, PO Box 165, Kings Park, NY 11754. Let's work out our hot, horny muscle urges on each other. Box 4746LF.

DISCIPLINARIAN SOUGHT

GWM, 25, 215 lbs., 5'10", brown hair, blue eyes, beard, moustache, lives on Long Island. Seeks older man/mentor/leather top to administer discipline on a weekly/fortnightly basis. Seeking to transform myself physically, emotionally. Discipline used to achieve 1) weight loss, 2) eventual muscle gain, 3) raising of self-esteem when I can appreciate my proper place as bottom. Discipline can range from spanking to enemas, bondage, watersports, ti-work, Greek? Safe, important for discipline to be effective must be administered with love and affection. Box 4828LF.

HOT ASS NEEDS FISTING

GWM, 26, seeks top or bottom into leather, enemas, FF, some BD, SM and dildoes. Take me to your dungeon and have my ass. PO Box 17043, Rochester, NY 14617.

BODYBUILDER TOP

Hot Italian 88 top, 197 lbs., 5'8", 50" chest, 18" arms, dark moustache, 38, wants to exchange photos and meet hot guys into visual, verbal safe scenes—hairy and moustache a plus. Box 4902.

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING

Slave with little experience looking for Master who can provide proper training. Me 32, 6' 163 lbs., blond. Very healthy. My master's pleasure is my pleasure. Send photo and phone. Box 4905.

TWO MUSCLE STUDS

Two big-cocked bodybuilder lovers who are real men want to meet two other lovers. We are: 32 blond, 6'2", 200, 8" cock, hard, smooth muscles and 47 brown hair 6'2", 210, 10" cock, big muscles. You are two big men, 14 years, 30-50 good bodies, big dicks. We want safe dirty sex with discipline. Send photo and we will send ours. Box 4877

SAFE RAUNCH

Seeking close ongoing relationship with guy who is also very health-conscious and who wants to combine affection and intimacy with raunchy but safe sex. Let's get off on each other's sweaty bodies, the smells from our filthy asses, heavily shit and piss-stained jockey shorts, etc. I'm a young 40, 5'10", 160 lbs., moustache, moderately hairy. Let's see what we can work out to satisfy raunch desires while remaining healthy. Box 4886

SLAVES WANTED

GWM slaves 18-27, into no-limit C&BT, vices, electric liquid heat, and heavy pain. A so TT, FF, whipping while in rigid spread-eagled bondage for 1+ days. Call OR on (617) 497-0651 Boston MA. Leave your age, description and heaviest experience with phone no and best time to return call. I'm 45. GWM 6'210 lbs

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

GASTROENTEROLOGIST/ UROLOGIST

patient needs total colonoscopy. I seek only the legit male experience. Also seek cystoscopy. Will travel. Serious ad for serious responses only! I am GWM, 34, 5'10", 160 Ca. (212) 874-1325

BONDAGE MASTER!

40, 6'4", leather cigars, uniforms, tattoos, looking to own a total slave! If being stripped, shackled, shaved and trained to serve one Master permanently has been your fantasy, here's the chance to make it a reality! Lots of equipment to tame the slave and teach him the meaning of restraint. All letters answered, but those with photo and phone number get first priority. Write to: Bondage Master, 263A West 19th St, Suite #160, New York, NY 10011 (LF4730)

SLAVE

WM, 5'8", 135 lbs., brown/green, smooth, clean-shaven, 7' uncut, 24 years old wants to be trained as a slave by older master who is masculine and experienced. (718) 478-9118 after 5 PM EST

NEEDY FUCKSLAVE

WM 42 (looks younger), masculine, intelligent, obedient, true-spirited, goodlooking, slim, clean-shaven, rust-red hair, blue-gray eyes, yields trim (145), 5'10" all to masculine, trim, intelligent, goodlooking, healthy, sincere, well-hung, experienced, sane white commander to around 45. Ques intense mind-body fusion through control, abuse and deep-ploving. No scuffs, heavy pain. Ready for long-term commitment to serious, focused, caring master. Exchange photos/phone s/letters. Box 4725LF

MUSCLE SON WANTED BY BB DAD

to grow, develop and even become competitive, for dad who will be B! coach. Prefer boy over 18, who is not afraid to show off his muscles and have dad exhibit him. Must be ready to adhere to strict training schedule and keep dad happy as well as serve him in his apartment in NYC. Good situation for a big man with big goals. Ph/Ph/Letter to Drimmer Box 4717LF

LEVI/LEATHER DAD

Harry WM 40, 5'11", 180, with thick cock and large balls will train and discipline sons, abuse and use bottoms, roughhouse with other dads. Enjoys bondage, tilt and ball torture, hot wax, clothespins, whipping ass, cuddling, classical music, travel, motorcycling, but shitting Tough Dis and skilled Tops may expand my horizons. No scat, #F drugs. Have house with playroom in Kingston, NY, can travel. Photo required with letter, phone speeds reply. Box 4716LF

CRAVING DISCIPLINE

31, 165, 5'11", handsome, hairy, hot, mustached professional desperately needs to be leashed, collared, trained to obey masters every command (within limits of safe sex). This dog seeks master 28-40 in good shape. Photo/phone Box 1038, Southampton NY 11768 (LF4715)

HEAVY BONDAGE

Looking for intense administration of heavy bondage, prolonged leather encasement in hoods, leather strait jackets, restraints, suspension, etc. Seek total master intelligent, wealthy and sane. Box 4683LF

GWM, 38, 5'8", 145

seeks Master with the drive to cut through my BS and turn me into a useful piece of property. Need strict Master to take me from easy lifestyle, break me and train me to be the obedient and willing slave that I was meant to be. Hope to find life of fulfillment through the use and abuse of my Master in satisfying his wishes. Box 4698LF

BEARDED, 35

Leatherman, 6' 160, top seeks bottom for hot, health-conscious scenes. No holds barred, so long as we both can walk away feeling we haven't put our health at risk. Like muscular men in chaps with beard, moustache. Especially like hot older men in great shape. Your picture gets mine. Box 4712LF

DOMINANT WHITE MALE

40, goodlooking, easy going but firm looking to meet guys 18-35 who are in need of a brother/father image, good friend or more. I'm dominant in bondage, shaving, light SM. Greek and other fantasies, depending on my partner. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling and am gentle and understanding as well. Inexperienced—that's OK—have lots of patience. You should be a non-smoker, light drinker and non-fem. I travel the US as well so this ad is not restricted to NY and Long Is. Respond with photo and phone if possible. Box 1027 Valley Stream NY 11582 (LF4711)

DEAR SIR—AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

OUT OF PLACE

I know this ad seems out of place, but I'm ready into a very tight scene. I'm looking for a patient, affectionate, responsible top who'll take the time I need to slowly expand my limits. I'm a big guy 36, 6'2", 220 lbs. with a shaved head. Each time I test the water, I find someone trying to push me too far, too fast. I'm looking for a man I can lean on and rely on, someone I can let go with and defer to after a long day of making decisions. I hope you're out there. Please write and send a photo if possible. Box 4709LF

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Hot, hairy, NYC jock, 39, 5'10", solid 160 into man-to-man body contact, verbal action, between two raunchy jock-tired studs. Also pecs, spit and hairy pits. J/D and hot sex. Wants a man who can take what he gives. Photos answered first. Box 4573LF

CHAINMALE JOCK



Hand designed, all metal lightweight chain, molded for the sensuous fit of body-hugging liquid metal

CHAINWARE

P.O. Box 5899
Providence, RI 02903

☐ JOCK, Waist Size

\$85

☐ Color Brochure

\$5

(Credit towards first order)

Name

Address

City/State/Zip

SADIST DAD SEEKS SADIST SON
6'1", 210 lb., bear dad with a mean streak into ropes, cuffs, bondage verbal humiliation til restraint leather, levis, black ripped T-shirts, mirrored sunglasses, fantasy mind expanding trips. I'm in late 40s, bearded, good-looking—solid but no BB. Looking for strictly safe/sane/health-conscious, absolutely NO BODY FLUID EXCHANGE, man who needs domination and safe non-harming torture-bondage-control with absolute trust and no drugs, no fucking, no scat, no FF, no dildoes, JUST submission/control, mutual JO sex. I am seeking monogamous guy who has been abstaining from everything since the AIDS crisis began as I have. Son or peer must be in top shape—s/m or BB or swimmer type (25-38). Highly intelligent and motivated and either employed or solid financially. No hustlers or trash or guys who run their lives by cock size or who will chance their health for the sake of an orgasm. Prefer to establish a one-on-one permanent relationship—and when the fantasies take a break, honest trusting friendship and sharing take over! Look hot with cop's gear and am 90% top/10% bottom but want son to fight back and get off on punishing his Dad for past and future abuse. Son will have to accept losing and giving in to all Dad's demands. Son will retain self-worth but devote himself to satisfying his Dad's needs above all. Prefer highly-educated, super-intelligent, masculine guy. Lots of hugging and caring. Tenderness will be your reward. Send full details of what you want and need and photo for immediate reply. Box 4718LF

TOILET TRAINING NEEDED
from strict Daddy 25-50 into safe WS, VA, med dm SM. Boy is 28, 5'6", 140. Send photo, phone. Teach me, Daddy. Box 4852

STREET FEET
This hot stud is into a natural masculine barefoot lifestyle and attitude and goes barefoot everywhere, always. Would like to meet other hot masculine barefoot studs, young punks and street dudes who are the same, with tough, calloused feet that are always filthy dirty—for barefoot outings, correspondence and hot, man-to-man action. Love going barefoot on dirty city streets, in stores, bars, gyms, etc. Also barefoot and barechested in old jeans or cutoffs. If this lifestyle is you, then contact this very hot, good-looking, naturally masculine BB, who is W 5'10", 172 lbs., 6'1" muscle, straight in looks and attitude, uninhibited and hung like a horse. Your barefoot photo gets mine. The dirtier they are the better. The bolder, the tougher, the daring the better. B.F., 16 Sandy Hollow Rd., Northport, NY 11768. (LF4872)

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

HOT, BUTCH N.Y.C. BOTTOM
WM 43 (looks mid-thirties), 6' 190 lbs., thick brown hair and moustache, thick and cut 6" cock, nice nuts. Construction worker look. Hooked on hot sex and hot, big dicked tops who know how to manhandle and take control from this butch and masculine and handsome 190 lbs. strong hunk. I want to explore hot wild and creative SAFE SEX including, wrestling, bondage, toys, verbal abuse, fantasies, sucking, getting fucked etc. etc. In addition to the above, I enjoy loving being loved, downhill skiing, theatre, scrabble, sailing, beaching, the arts, family and friends. I am warm, loving, bright, honest, fun, and always horny for hot man sex. Send letter, phone number and hot photo to Box 4776

UNUSUAL SLAVERY OPPORTUNITY

live in and be cared for. You will work in Long Island NY doing inside and outside work. Submit photo and resume to Box 4255

USE THOSE MUSCLES!

Your aggressive, masculine, fit experienced, level-headed 35+ (and probably clean-shaven, not very hairy) Male 38-45 yrs., needing strict physical/psychological domination as servant/slave. Trust + training + time = ? Let's find out, Sir Christopher. Box 64, Brooklyn NY 11215 (No disco, drugs, fluids. Confidentially assured. All answered.)

UPSTATE LEATHER MASTER/DADDY

WM 6'2", 180 lbs., masculine Master seeks slaves for training, possible permanent relationship. Must be submissive & obedient. Have own home in country. Box 4756LF

NY/NJ/CT AREA COP SCENE

WM 45, 160, uniformed cop looking for some with mounted or highway uniform into cop fantasy J/O and more. Reply w/photo/phone will get sure response. Uniform a must. PO Box 689 Brooklyn NY 11202

FOOD SLAVE NEEDS TO BE FED
WM 210, 6', masculine, looking for masc/butch WM into fattening me up, force feeding, making my gut HUGE! Photo if possible. PO Box 1838 Madison Square Station, NY NY 10159

NORTH CAROLINA

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

I hope I have let enough time pass to give all the jerk-offs and time-wasters a chance to either get serious or get lost. I still seek a live-in slave. I do not wish to waste time with idle, jack-off fantasies. If you are serious about being a slave then we can talk. You will be interviewed, tried and trained. You will be loved when earned, punished when deserved. But always cared for. Your pleasure will be to maintain a sound mind and body and to always try to please me. You will be disciplined as my father disciplined me and will be a better man and slave for it. For a serious interview call Randy (704) 865-0983, or write 1729 Hudson Blvd #76 Gastonia NC 28054

SLAVE FOR MASTER

YOU: Master/Daddy/Top masculine, healthy, heavy built, hairy muscular, well-endowed 5'10"+, mature, experienced, demanding, tough, sane, caring, intelligent, honest, stable and secure. Seeking total surrender, domination, control. Thorough exploring, extensive training, and total commitment. ME: slave, son/bottom, WM 30-5'10", 175 lbs, masculine, healthy, hairy, moustached, brown hair, blue eyes, submissive, obedient, intelligent, stable, professional, secure, straight, looking and acting. Eager to serve, respect, worship. Warm, sensitive, devoted, caring, possible relationship. Heavy B&D, moderate SM, C&BT, TT, FR a/p, heavy GR/p, WS, VA, leather, poppers, uniforms, toys, rough action, expanding limits. Sir, please send your orders, photo and phone to Box 4903LF, Sir

FISTING BUDDY

GWM, hairy, 33, needs experienced hands. Playroom a plus. FFA & TAIL members welcome. Action at PO Box 14292, Cleveland OH 44114

TEACH ME TO FIST FIGHT

Box 21822 Cleveland OH 44121

DISCIPLINE

effectively incorporated with marine bootcamp by former English prep school dormitory prefect GWM 38 sharp and super physical shape. Inspections, physical workouts, PWS, liberal doses of paddle, strap, belt and/or cane applied in a no-nonsense fashion on recruit's ass. Send picture to Box 4764

DADDY MASTER WANTS SON SLAVE

WM Daddy Master 38 5'11", 200 stocky build seeks son/slave for fun and games, S&M, B&D, TT, shaving, training & service. Photo & phone to Box 4137LF

DADDY MASTER WANTS SLAVE

WM Master 39 5'11" 195, brn hair & eyes seeks slave for S&M, B&D, TT, watersports, shaving, training & service. Photo & phone to Box 4137LF

TALL BIG WM

Tall, big WM, 50, new to Wayne County looking for new friends and possible permanent relationship. Box 4706LF

WHITE UNDERCOVER SISSY

Me Macho bottom, 6'1" 200 41 blue/brown, hairy but submit to shaving, wear panties, tight pussy, obedient, submissive, respectful, not promiscuous, nor into gay scene. Biker. You Race/age unimportant, macho daddy, deep voice, who knows what he wants, has bell, knows how to use it when punk not respectful and submissive. Daddy knows when touching up required, sissy just drops panties. Muscles and tattoos a plus. If you are a normal acting dude who likes that brown eye but don't want to be caught walking down the street with a freak, I'm your girl. Daddy please write with photo and phone. Box 4843

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

OKLAHOMA

MASTER SEEKS 2ND SLAVE-HOUSEBOY

(2 GWM) Master and slave seek permanent houseboy/slave to finish household unit. New slave must be 20-30 years old, into all scenes except scat and serious injury. Limits respected but will be trained to suit Master. Must be able to relocate. (NO FATS, FAKES, FEMS) Only seriously interested need to respond. Send personal information, phone, and a recent photo a must. Will answer all. To SIR, PO Box 23561 Oklahoma City OK 73123 (LF4534)

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

OREGON

EAT MY ASS!

Working man seeks others for no-strings sex. A beef, a joint & a JO buddy. Nothing up my ass bigger than a finger. Also likes jockstraps and group sex. Port and Oregon or the Northwest. Box 4455LF

OREGON LUMBERJACK

who is heroically handsome, hunky and profoundly professional (35 GWM) seeks similar sapien with no asence of skin, sensitivity, sincerity, skill nor skull. (503) 223-9823

BONDAGE BOTTOM

Novice, 35 5'6" 140 lbs seeks mature sensitive top(s) with fertile imagination for mutual pleasure. I like getting spanked, C.B. armpits, jockstraps, dildoes, shaving, levis and leather. Can travel Pacific Northwest weekends. Safe sex only! Box 4856

BLACK LEATHER BONDAGE
Leatherman 23, 5'10" 150 bs, professional submissive. Seeks leather buddies, age 25-45 for exploration into SM, extensive bondage, TT, more. Photo age requested. Albany AIDS conscious. Box 4887

PENNSYLVANIA

VERSATILE BOTTOM

needs hung dominant top. I'm into a/p Fr & Gr. Really like to suck cock and be fucked by cock, dildo or butt plug. Would like my limits expanded, but respected into bondage, enemas, WS, FF. I'm 40 5'7", 160 lbs., blue eyes, cut. Please send orders, desires and phone to Box 4580LF

MASTER/TOPMAN WANTED

WM 5'9", 185 lb looking for Master/Topman who is into prolonged bondage with masks, hood, straight-jackets etc. Boots, uniforms, watersports, whipping—you name it. No limits except no drugs or permanent markings. NY, MD, W VA, VA, DC, PA Area. Box 4531LF

BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by Military Drill Instructor. Basic Training in a strictly disciplined military setting will include a thorough pre-induction physical exam, servicing, spit-shined military Jump Boots and physical training. Discipline administered to recalcitrant recruits with the SM and BD techniques in a safe, sane and mutually satisfying session. D looking for 'A FEW GOOD MEN' who need to be 'squared away' for the first time or who wish to re-live their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL, BOX 242, Pender, Pa., 19047-0846. All responses acknowledged, but those with photo/phone answered first. LF4257

PITTSBURGH AND TRI STATE AREA

Muscular top, 29, 6'3" 220, X-college football player is accepting applications for a body slave. Applicants must be straight looking and acting, muscular and between the ages of 17 and 40. Will consider newcomers, but you must be ready to serve a Master. If you're not sure you want to serve, don't waste my time with your application. Send your photo and application to MASTER, PO Box 55, Glenshaw, PA 15116 (4484LF)

WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Once you get me under your control, you set the limits. 37 year old bondage slave needs natural master capable of extended heavy bondage, sensory deprivation and behavior modification. Please send orders to PO Box 2091, Philadelphia PA 19103. Am able and willing to travel to your domain. (LF4674)

MASOCHIST SON

wanted by 43 yr old Harley riding Leatherman into boots, ass-kicking, body-punching, ball-torture and VA. You can expect to be face-fucked while hooded and bound, have a dildo used on your throat and ass, and submit in general. Few toys needed—just boots, leather and fists. No theatrics wanted. Attitude is all-important! TLC possible for right person afterward. Prefer under 30, slim, however a little considered. Fisting a plus. Visit NYC frequently. Photo and phone a must. Box 4840LF

DUNGEON MASTER

6' 165 lbs, 48 year old master. Greek active, French passive. Requires obedient slave for training. S&M, B&D, WS, etc. Limits respected and expanded. Assistant masters also welcome. Send respectful letter with phone to PO Box 7363, Philadelphia PA 19101 (LF4836)

Clean, healthy BI seeks to service verbal booted macho types. Box 2232 Pittsburgh, PA 15230

LONG STICK WANTED
In Pittsburgh area for extensive training I am WM 6', 180 lbs., 45, uncut, competent, 100% U.S.D.A. Prime with over-equipped leather truck room. *Men only need apply* Require mind, body and then some. Can't handle it—tuck off. Box 4406, E.

WORSHIP BOOTS & FEET
Good looking, masculine WM. 38 5'6"
trim 140 lbs., brown hair/eyes/moust-
ache, into hot, imaginative, mutually
stimulating boot/foot scenes, wrest-
ling B&D, S&M body worship V.A.
Can also enjoy just good masculine
companionship. Versatile and health
conscious. Travel Northeast/Midwest
often. RW, Box 332, Harrisburg, PA
17108. (L F4897)

SOUTH CAROLINA

LIVE-IN SLAVE
Dominant, Italian GWM seeks to move
in with qualified slave. Qualifications
are: Age: 25-35; Height: 5'3"-5'11"
Weight: Not over 100lbs normal weight
Hair: color, N/P, moustache-
mandatory, body hair-OK. Race: N/P
Education: HS grad, some college
Domestic: good cook & housekeeper
Employment: must have steady
Income: Ass. small buns, light hair-
less. Cock size not important must be
cut, Sex: Greek A/P French P mono-
gamy bondage, Health: Must see physi-
cian regularly. All applicants must
submit full resume with current photo
and phone. All e-mails will be saved
Only 1 e-mail a day allowed. Box 4. ✓

COLUMBIA
GWM 32 5'11", 145 lbs., slim, hairy &
uncut seeks healthy masculine partner
for mutual SM exploration & satisfac-
tion. B&D, CBT, M/assplay dildos,
piercing, shaving. Very versatile
Answer all Can travel Box 4744

I am white 32, married male looking for hot stud for daddy, uncle, older brother type relationship. I am a bottom who is Greek passive, French active, love to receive tit torture, cock and ball work, watersports. Looking to enjoy these activities in a SAFE context. Really turned on by a hairy body—the more the better—but attitude more important than looks or age. If you need a hot, submissive, eager-to-please masculine partner, contact: Boxholder PO Box 16291 Greenville, SC 29606. Complete discretion expected and assured. JF4829

SLAVE BOTTOM
White male, 30s, slave/bottom, 5'9"
175 lbs hunky good-looking uncut.
nlo sucking, fucking WS long hot
sessions of servitude with genuine
Leather Master Do anything within my
power to please lick boots, chaps
drink piss, eat ass Send letter and pic
to Box 4862

HUNKY WHITE MALE
White male 30, slave/bottom 5'8" 175
bs. hunky good-looking, uncult info
sucking fucking. W/S, long hot ses-
sions of servitude with genuine leather
M/F D/s. Very strong w/ heavy power
to push & choke. Likes to be used.
ed also be a D/s 30, H x 140, F

HONORARY TOPS WANTED
Oral slave needs well-hung topmen to
service. Love to be face-fucked by con-
struction, jocks, truckers, etc. Inter-
ested? Contact this 22-year-old WM.
5'11", 180 lbs. PO Box 6947 Columbia,
SC 29260.

Bi-sex man is interested in localing another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure—through trust—of discovering and sharing the touch, smell, taste and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest, it seems few "gays" know it exists. Long, slow mind-n-soul fuck n is where it all begins. If you, too, need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has, you may have found your partner! I'm 6', 150 lbs., 46 yrs., graying-black hair, beard and moustache, with a natural uncut dick that'll hang a heavy 7-inches for the buddy that takes to it right. Dig sweat, hair, ho-ho's nipples, foreskin, low-swingin' balls and other natural delights. If you're interested and got the balls to talk straight, shoot a no-bullshit note my way. Travel is possible. Box 811 F.

WM 51-64 161 into leather police uniforms, rubber enemas, boots lils toys like SM and considered versatile Safe sex practices. Educated professionally employed, music and arts Rpt sps and fapw 3 years assessed H+ group No fears or over weightly H+ 2'4 200 lbs

AUSTIN area. WM 30 5'11", 175, hairy ex-cop seeks dominant leather/Lniform topman/Master Am turned on by touch smell taste and feel of leather high black boots, full police uniforms and gear Also into SM B&D, TT VA/humiliation and WS Grip, Fria Photo phone gels priority response. No scat tats fems or blacks Box 4528,

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WM, 31, 5'10"

140 lbs., seeks slave for long-term B/D, leather Levi. No fats fems. Only serious into bondage need answer and cut for total domination Foto required for immediate reply (2135 yrs only) PO Box 34244 Houston TX 77234

M SEEKS SLAVE STATUS

True M 27 8', 140, seeks sadists for heavy scenes. Also hope to connect with MASTER who will enslave me. Can withstand physical pain and abuse and want to go farther. SIR, if my pain and servitude are your pleasure, call before 10:00 (214) 526-0776

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Healthy 19 year old 5' 140 lbs. blonde eyes, well defined body hair, clean, professional, well educated and well traveled seeks a dominant and disciplined master for S&M Flogging and training. I am a very good TT and by Master's command I will do anything and hold, well-educated, and possess a strong leather attitude. Respect is earned. Want to turn fantasy into reality with a real man for lasting relationship. All responses answered those with photo first. Write C.W., 2924 K ncs Rd. #122 Dallas TX 75219 (LF4835)

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BLACK STUO, 41

6'5" 220 lbs into V/A, ass fucking. Seeks black bodybuilder or truck driver type with ten inches or more. Straight appearing. Have passive buddy for three way. Send phone and picture. Houston, Galveston area. Box 4880

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Bl WM, educated businessman, 30, seeks discreet friends. Box 1565, Virginia Beach, VA 23451

HOT STUFF

Hairy, handsome, hot, healthy GWM 32 yrs, 5'6", 150 lbs., brown hair and moustache, green eyes, masculine muscular bottom with sensitive 'is seeks dominant, muscular, masculine hairy GWM topman for hot workouts possible relationship! Send photo and phone to Box 4889LF

WASHINGTON

NEED MASTER/DADDY

33-year-old GWM, young, goodlooking, 145 lbs 5'10" seeks mature, secure Master/Daddy to train beginner/novice for possible permanent relationship. Am bred of fantasy and bars. Need Master/Daddy to respect, obey and worship who is patient and considerate of slaves' limitations, but knowledgeable enough to expand them and ultimately control both my mind and body. Slave into toilet training WS, bondage, verbal abuse and humiliation, seeks introduction to piercing. Master is honest, intelligent, healthy and financially secure. Slave will need to continue working while being trained. Thank you. Sir Box 4529LF

LITTLE BOY

Successful little boy seeks burly bearded Daddy who can play jazz sax and speak French while I'm tied up. For the right older man, I offer submissive obedient love with intelligence and integrity to keep you satisfied. Absolutely no druggers or losers. My act is together at 28. Hope yours is by now. Box 4891

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BOTTOM

Charleston area bottom seeks top in WV, Ohio, PA, VA for use and abuse. Into TT CBT, VA, bondage, poppers, leather. To top this bottom write Box 3938, Charleston WV 25339

YOUNG MASTER WANTED

Novice slave 30 5'7", 140 lbs, seeks young s/m master 18-28, into humiliation forced stripping, hazings and humiliations. Respond with photo and phone no. if possible to Box 4794

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WM 36, 5'10" muscular wants to serve Dad. If you're intelligent, attractive, healthy, sincere and sane and looking for the same, if you're commanding and dominating and want the opposite, if you want a man you can make into your boy, if you want to train your inexperienced boy in BD, VA, WS, if you have the patience to calm your boy's tears and allow him to trust and respect you, then this boy is waiting for your instructions. Sir, Box 4921

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Me: GWM 25, 6'1", 172 lbs., sincere, intelligent, masculine, good-looking. Gr a/p, Fr a/p, interested in experimenting, will drive 100 miles of Springfield. You: 25-38, bearded, masculine, slightly overweight, sane, dominant, yet careful, commanding, yet warm, rough, yet loving, active and passive. Box 4919

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By correspondence a highly experienced master will write your secret fantasy. Send \$5.00 (cash or M/D) statement of age and a BRIEF description of your fantasy to: Scriptorium, Drummer Box 4929

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Rugged outdoor trucker type "good buddy" needed by husky rural, 35, bot tom. Box 4928

MANSERVICE

WM 45, slim, tattooed, into WS, FF, slapping, verbal abuse, rimming, body worship, wants to service a slim to well-built healthy stud who is foul-mouthed and lucky. Box 4926

WHIDBEY ISLAND—NORTH OLYMPICS

I'm a 40-year-old ex-logger, 6'1", slend build, 185 lbs. with tattoos and beard. I am considered good-looking. I'm into grease, mud, suspension, whips, paddles, TT, C&BT and some role playing. I like men who are grubby looking and uninhibited. Age not important but health and shape are. I'm not into FF. If you think we might have something in common, how about a photo and some details. I'll respond. Box 4927, LF

HOT, HORNY, WHITE MALE

WM 44, 5'5", 180 lbs., 7", love to get lit, fucked, love to be bottom and to be abused. The bigger the dick the better, love to suck on it, love to be eaten out and to eat someone out. Into mild S&M. Send photo and phone #. Ron, Box 4924

HANDSOME BOTTOM

Muscular hairy GWM 32 yrs, 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair and moustache, green eyes, healthy—seeking healthy hot hairy muscular GWM dominant topman and enjoys good hot sex, verbal action, tit play etc. Relationship possible! Send photo and phone to Box 4923

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Meet the right top or bottom man. Nationwide ads. Send \$3 and a/21 statement for sample. Copy to SMADS, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 109/314, West Hollywood, CA 90046

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28, well-built man needs total SM experience. SWH, Box 1274, Longview, WA 98651

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

WM 40, 5'11", 175, 45 C, 30 W. Masculine, well-built, lean/muscular, no drugs, nonsmoker, health-conscious, together earthy erotic. Seek similar Master for SM 80 whipping whatever your pleasure. JW, Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744

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and gentle cuddling? GWM 28, seeks younger brother to take under wing and explore life together. Madison area. Box 4925

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This white male is 42, 5'8", 159 lbs., trim, muscular with black hair. You are thin and submissive. Safe and sane torment of your body will bring us both pleasure. PO Box 214, Woburn, MA 01801

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Slave 38, 5'10", 140 lbs., needs Master, deal only for abuse. I aim to please, like toy chests, game rooms. Box 8064, 44 Steffen Rd., Piscataway, NJ 08854

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DRUMMEDIA

THE LEATHER UPDATE ON FILMS/BOOKS/VIDEO/AUDIO

OF POLITICS AND FANCY FOOTWORK

"The film is pantywaist compared to the real thing!"

Haskell Wexler is talking about atrocities.

The gaunt, grey, grandfatherly man doesn't look like he should be talking about atrocities. About fudge perhaps, or Lawrence Welk. Or in a rare moment of pique, about why-the-heck shouldn't he be allowed to drive 35 on the freeway?

But Haskell Wexler is talking about atrocities: "Skinning, eyes being popped out, castrations, live beheadings. The contras in Nicaragua have discovered, he tells *Drummer*, that killing is not as effective as terrorism in their fight to reclaim the country from the Sandinistas who came to power when dictator Somoza was ousted in 1979. He claims to have documented the reports of contra terrorism, most of which were later verified by Amnesty International.

And our government tells us the contras are the good guys! Our tax dollars are giving them support—supposedly non-military support, but Wexler knows otherwise and spent his own, his mother's and George Lucas' money to make *Latino* to get the word out.

In 1983 Wexler filmed the documentary *Target Nicaragua: Inside a Secret War*, but it was only seen by the handful of people who see documentary films. The next year he returned to Nicaragua to tell the story in fictional—i.e., more commercial—terms. It would have been cheaper and easier to shoot *Latino* in a country where no war was taking place; but then, Wexler explains simply, "I wouldn't have had a film that was so authentic."

Torture is shown in *Latino* as a recruitment tool. The contras kidnap Luis, a teenage peasant, and invite him to join their commandos. He resists, and in the next scene we see



EDDIE GUERRERO: Played by Robert Beltran, he's "just getting rid of communists" in *Latino*.

him naked, strapped face down to an electrified cot frame where he gets a jolt every time he says no. It's a horrifying scene and very realistic, yet the sight of Luis Torrentes' bare brown butt triggers other thoughts and we have to ask Wexler if we should assume the boy has also been raped.

"No," he replies, adding that rape isn't part of the contras' *modus operandi*—except against women when they raid a village. The scene had been planned differently, based on Wexler's observations when he made *Brazil: A Report on Torture* (1971), but he was advised by Tomas Borge, whom he calls "probably the most tortured man on earth who's still walking around, that the Somozans and their contra successors used different techniques.

The main character in *Latino*

is Eddie Guerrero (Spanish for "warrior"), played by Robert (Eating Raoul) Beltran. He and his buddy Ruben (Tony Plana) were Green Berets in Vietnam, where they were known as "the spic pair extraordinaire." Sent to Honduras to train contras they believe, as Eddie says, "We're just getting rid of the communists."

They don't balk when they're told to accompany their trainees on raids across the border into Nicaragua even though they're told that their participation is "not public knowledge." Eddie starts having doubts when an old woman, one of the people he's "liberating" curses him, and when he sees children being killed. Being Hispanic himself he can't use the racist rationalization ("They're all gooks") that got him through Vietnam.

As long as the men stay

together they reinforce each other's machismo: military=mascularity. What finally softens Eddie's resolve is his involvement with a beautiful Nicaraguan: woman=weakness. He's unable to commit to her, though, or to tell her he loves her.

"The intention in the writing," Wexler says, "was that it was an un-love affair... Eddie's character never came out of adolescence and relates more easily to young boys than he does to women." He's not gay, his creator adds, but he feels more comfortable around Luis and his girlfriend's young son than he does with a woman: "He's just a big kid."

Eddie's crisis of conscience comes to a head in the film's climax, a raid on Luis' village the *El Porvenir* (The Future) cooperative. Wexler sees this as a breakthrough. "Male



KUBAN INTERESTS: The film's director, John Badham, is a former member of the Black Panther Party.



WHITE NIGHTS: Gregory Hines (left) and Mikhail Baryshnikov (right) dance together in a Columbia Pictures release.

characters in most movies are in control," he says. "They don't hesitate for a moment...If you're writing *Hamlet* you can have ambivalence."

Without totally revealing the ending, Eddie winds up bare-assed. The director explains, "The nakedness is a way of saying, 'I am unarmed I am no threat.'"

Wexler says he doesn't know how gays are treated in Nicaragua today—the gay cast and crew members of *Latino* didn't discuss it with him—but he assumes they're better off than in most Latin American countries because the Sandinista regime is working successfully "to vitiate machoism" against women, and "I think an enlightened attitude toward heterosexual behavior could reflect an enlightened attitude toward homosexual behavior."

While the Sandinistas may not be best for U.S. business interests, they appear to be good for the people of Nicaragua. Accused of oversimplifying the issues in *Latino*, showing the Sandinistas as pure altruists and the contras with their U.S. "advisers" as ruthless villains, Wexler responds, "If you saw a movie about World War II you wouldn't say, 'Where are the good Nazis?' The truth doesn't have to be complicated."

Latino is not a complicated film, but what it lacks in cinematic virtues it makes up for in human ones. It's one of the few I've seen recently that bypassed my critical brain and hit me right in the emotions. It's an entertaining way to become informed about issues that affect you, that may be drawing your country into another unpopular war; but because it's not loaded with box office potential, you may have to hunt for it or ask your local theater to book it.

...

White Nights and *Rocky IV* take muscular but ultimately divergent views of U.S.-Soviet politics. Both are set in the present but *White Nights* could have been made in the fifties, with its cartoon commies, a sinister elite ("...any pleasure, any perversion . . . They just keep it hidden") duping a deprived proletariat.

Tap dancer Gregory Hines deserted from Vietnam and

wound up in Russia. Primo ballerino Mikhail Baryshnikov, who can do marvelous things with his body (or mine, if he'd care to), defected to the U.S. but is returned to Siberia through an Airport '86 mishap. Not only can't Baryshnikov be persuaded to stay in Russia (or to keep his shirt on—doesn't he know it's cold there?), but he persuades half the country either to escape with him or to help them get out.

The dancing scenes almost make *White Nights* worth seeing. Misha is introduced in a brief but lovely Roland Petit ballet, *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort*, and does a brilliant ode to freedom to poetry by out-of-favor Vladimir Vysotsky. Hines is introduced in a lame *Porgy and Bess* sequence but redeems himself in an autobiographical dance monologue and later routines that make tap look like a martial art. They team up for a final number in Hines' genre. Most of the music has a rock beat, which is silly but commercially necessary for album purposes.

White Nights will be more effective on video, where you can zap the parts between dances.

• • •

Hopetully last and certainly least of the series, *Rocky IV* has Sylvester Stallone flip-flopping from his hawkish Rambo attitude and actually pleading for peace in his now-obligatory curtain speech. "Better two men kill each other than 20 million," he says, seriously underestimating the impact of a nuclear war, after beating the shit out of his Russian opponent, the heartless fighting machine Ivan Drago (Dolph Lundgren).

Between an early fight where Drago kills Apollo Creed (Carl Weathers) and his climactic confrontation with Rocky Balboa, *Rocky IV* is padded with inane dialogue, music videos (including James Brown in what looks like drag in a glitzy Las Vegas production number), silly stuff about a household robot and some momentarily interesting workout scenes.

If you just want to study musculature, Stallone and Lundgren give you plenty to look at; but don't expect more out of *Rocky IV*.

—Steven Warren



PUNISHING WORKOUT: As Paulie (Burt Young, far left) and Duke (Tony Burton, left) look on, Rocky (Sylvester Stallone, foreground) continues a punishing workout while training for his confrontation with Soviet heavyweight Ivan Drago.



RELENTLESSLY AND WITHOUT MERCY: Drago (Dolph Lundgren, left) punishes former heavyweight champion Apollo Creed (Carl Weathers, right) during an exhibition match in Las Vegas.

SERGEANT SWANN

For years the stereotyped bottom was a thin-hipped and whiny imitation of a lady. Post-Stonewall, however, as gay men developed their own identities instead of acting out straight dictates on queerness, an ethos of masculinity in all roles developed. Both the greater visibility of leathermen and the popularity of this magazine attest to these new, self-chosen identities. Part of this phenomenon, and, to many, more choice than the crowning of the butch guy as king, has been the arrival of the butch bottom. It's something gay men have wanted and worked for—the right to be butch and take it up the ass, too.

The butch bottom has been so joyously received that he's been crowned, canonized and adulated as titleholder in contests, king among gay royalty and star in the porn pantheon. Currently winning attention as the bottom at the top of lust charts is Glenn Swann, who not only has his name above the title of a hot new video, but in the title. *Sergeant Swann's Private Files* (Seabag Productions, 90 minutes) features Drill Instructor Swann dipping into his fondest memories of enlisted life. That these do not include tales of harsh punishment for insubordination, gang rape in the brig or domination by sadistic officers may disappoint *Drummer* viewers. *Sergeant Swann's Private Files* does not really explore its military possibilities. It does, however, offer some well-built guys the chance to put on and take off a variety of uniforms before they put the make on each other in the usual ways.

Swann narrates, placed unimaginatively behind a desk where only his close-cropped hair, striking facial planes, strong jaw line and manly voice can convey character. Here he announces his theme ("I've always been fascinated by the military") and introduces each of the video's six scenes. Revealing that, as a kid, the story "Soldiers of the Desert" was his favorite, Swann sets the scene for the

first episode, an unintentionally comic vignette set in a Bedouin tent. Co-star Scott O'Hare (a well-known San Francisco performer, despite the re-creative spelling of his name in the cast list) is good enough to surmount the locale, although Swann's arrival in a uniform left over from a summer stock *Merry Widow* sets things back again. O'Hare has a protracted solo first, but then, he's got a protracted dick. I like the way his hips pump it in and out of his clenched fists, and the way the lengthy, scimitar-curved cock springs up so that he can bend forward and take it in his mouth without using his hands. But it's not Scott's most passionate solo, and things get hotter when Swann arrives. O'Hare adores Swann's boots, his toes, his asshole, and the viewer adores Swann's body. The Greek ideal has no finer representation than what Swann has to display; here's a torso of divinity—flat and strongly muscled, finely haired and warmly colored.

Straddling O'Hare, Swann bounces down onto all of that enormous cock, gyrating in rhythm to the music. O'Hare sturdily works this fuck in several positions until Swann's cum is pumped up from deep within his body to lie stark white on his tanned and tensed stomach. Why we had to travel to Saudi Arabia for this fuck is unknown, but it was a worthy ticket to ride.

The military theme completely recedes as Swann takes us next to the weight room for a workout with friend Troy. This is a real Adonis. His child-like face, blushing innocent looking, surmounts what is unmistakably a man's body, with slabs of pec, a stoutness of cock and a heftily solid rump that demands adoration. There's not much oomph to his solo JO, but he's pure butch beauty.

Swann remains offscreen for the next episode, featuring the dull-witted but massively (and mushily) hung Rick Donovan. Endure the stupid dialogue ("Is that thing as big in real life as it is in the pictures?") asks Donovan's friend, to

which the bright Donovan replies, "I don't know") for the deep drilling that satisfyingly follows.

Meanwhile, back at the office, Swann mentions his favorite cadet and pauses for an honorary JO. He looks great in his regulation white boxer shorts and crisp T-shirt, working a small foreskin over the head of his cock, and his desk top acrobatics reveal his body's taut definition. When an enlisted man barges in, Swann thrusts his elegant ass in the air.

But it's graduation day, and the cadets are preparing in their bunkroom. Swann, donning nothing but his hat, goes to check on them and arrives with a hard-on to find them making out.

"I guess there's no need to call you to attention," he comments, eyeing their erections, and they fall in for the video's finale. The scene is a little listless, losing and finding its focus repeatedly, and not helped at all by twittering disco. Things pick up when all five men converge piranha-like on Swann's groin and asshole to devour his glory. But Swann yields this and several other positions before settling down so that Scott O'Hare can slide his stiff cock slowly, and completely visibly, into his ass. It's an amazing fuck, the best vision in a long time, but too abruptly yielded to another position. Equally sudden, there's a group JO, a slam bang finale, as the men all shoot on Sgt. Swann's stomach.

It's not the video it could, and should have been, but it will do nicely, nonetheless. The cinematography is good and the lighting fine. The music ranges from interruptive to acceptable. The men, though, are hotshots, and if the military theme is nearly an object of parody, star Glenn Swann is one of homage. He's a butch bottom of utmost desire.

WHO'S ZOOMIN' WHO?

The hustlers of Wakefield Poole's newest video, *The Hustlers*, aren't so much the characters of the video but its producers. Sure, attractive blond Steve Kaye and chunky, hairy David Dodge solicit clients for cash in the video,

but the actual people hustled are the home viewers who pay for this one. The hallmarks of Poole's earlier movies—creative ideas, close attention to plot and acting, the apt use of music, pervasively hot sex and snap editing—are little in evidence here, suggesting that the movie was made on a shoestring budget. At a shoestring sales price, acquaintance with some of *The Hustlers*' elements might be worthwhile, but not at the full retail being asked.

The clear, clean look of the wintry New York in which *The Hustlers* was shot is caught in full by Poole's direct-to-video shooting, but the video camera's relentless eye has also picked up the city's cold and drab side. This is underscored by the glum opening sequence, in which several fellows make out in a sex club called The Glory Hole. Its depressing plywood walls, squeaking doors and harsh, cold lighting reveal fully what lack of glory there is in this hole. It's the type of scene that was filmed years ago, and was pretty noninvolving then. It also has no connection to the coming narrative and uses up the time that should have been devoted to the movie's aborted finale.

An illogical voice-over conveys in three lines the romance, marriage and cohabitation of the video's stars. They've just sucked each other off through a hole in a plywood wall; why shouldn't they move in together?

With the pup-dog innocence of Mickey and Judy putting on a show in the barn, they decide to become hustlers. Several successive scenes, each with a narrow focus on absent-minded fucking, without striptease, foreplay or any other kind of sex play, demonstrate the boy's customers: a businessman (Steve Collins), a tourist (a swarthy Italian, undercut by collaged editing which removes most of the scene) and the phone instaler (Victor Houston, whose macho look and large, uncut slab of meat are welcomed back to the screen). Houston's scene is the only one with cumulative impact, but it's cut short.

Moments of Poole's creativity surface in a scene between

handsome redhead Jesse Fairweather and a transvestite, which is shown only in still photographs. Where the full footage might have proven tiresome and dispelled the illusion this elegant drag purveys, the stills are intriguing and point up some curious detail—catch the combo of Fairweather's gleaming chrome cockring and the lady's mother-of-pearl nails.

But this touch of originality can't save the video, especially when the finale—a three-way for the leads and Fairweather which is extensively and tantalizingly documented in a porn magazine—just isn't there. Where is this footage? The video ends with the promise, "To be continued." Maybe we'll see this three-way in a sequel. But the listless attitude, cold ambiance, tedious music and uneventful couplings of *The Hustlers* hardly makes me await *The Hustlers, Part Two*.

Get the magazine

HOTSHOTS

The season's best-buy, from HIS Video, is called *Hotshots*. It's a ninety-minute collection of the best scenes from seven previous flicks, none of which had much success. The producers have salvaged the choice scenes from those movies that otherwise would have been overlooked, and for once, the claim of "the hottest scenes" is a come-on that's the truth. At a sixty-minute price, HIS Video has come up with a must-have flick. *Hotshots* bursts with strong fucking and hungry cocksucking, persuasive tops mounting butch bottoms.

The opener is a classic—Tony Lee and Gregg Miers in a foul-talking, mean-fucking clip from *Morning, Noon and Night*. It's a smash. Two blonds follow in a nice second scene, but prove to be a breath-catching moment on the way to Rick Donovan and Jesse Kohler. Kohler's ice-blond hair glows, his quarter-inch nipples spring forth, and he supplicates the Mother of God for help when Donovan plunges that monster meat into his wide open ass. As Kohler gasps, it's one "mothe fuck, man!"

Hot bottom Jon King gets it from Gador, and a steamy



PHOTO COURTESY OF WAREFIELD POOL

PILLOW TALK? *The Hustlers* contains the pup-dog innocence of Mickey and Judy putting on a show-and-tell

bathhouse scene features the fervent Jason Carter with muscled beauty Eric Stryker. Even with a bad voice-over, this heavy suck/fuck will stir your viscera.

Two other scenes complete the anthology, which has been

well-transferred from the originals and supplied with good music. It's great to see a video company giving us what we want. This one is hot and heavy all the way through.

My warning, though: all these videos depict unsafe sex

practices and should not be taken as instruction. Coming soon from HIS Video is *Life-guard*, which stars Leo Ford in the first safe-sex video. It ought to prove that safe can be sexy, too.

—John F. Karr

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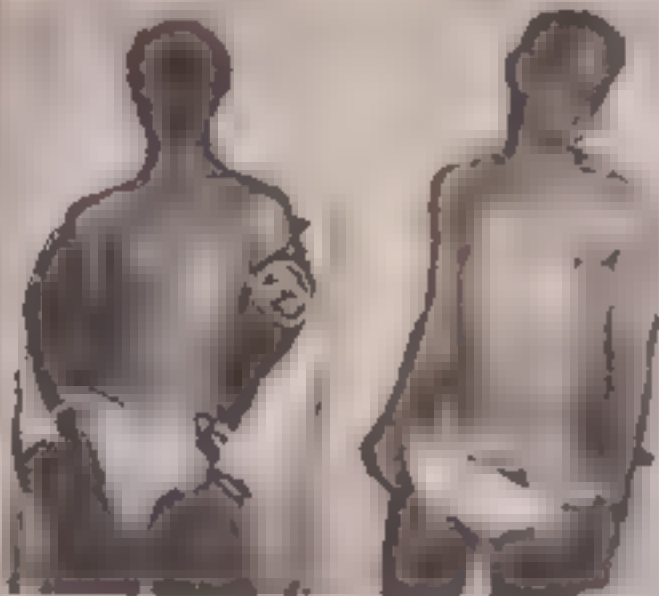
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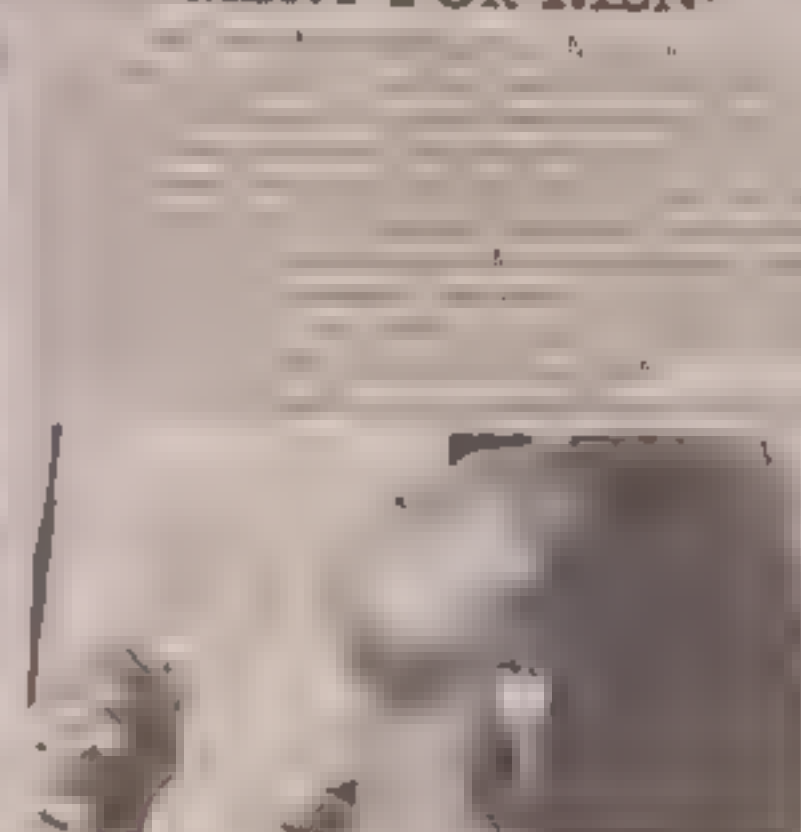
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CALENDARS IN REVIEW

This year-end has brought a wide range of male calendars from which to choose. Here *Drummer* reviews a half-dozen of the scores that have hit the market. Take your pick...safe sex, black image, uniforms or just hunks-with-a-hard-on...sort of like the boy next door. They are all themes of this year's calendars. Whichever you choose to mark the passing of your daze, here's hoping they're filled...with the biggest and the best!



IMAGE IS

See you in September, and we can't wait. Pictured above is Mr. September from the Image is calendar. A handsome and well-produced calendar featuring some very hot men. The posing however is somewhat *Playgirl* style.

Eight dollars...available from Second Chance, Inc., 8506 Wilshire Blvd., #615, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



SAFE SEX IS GREAT SEX

Here's a calendar with a theme for the eighties. Glenn Mansfield (left) has photographed the erotic, sensual and artistic series of photos presented in the 1986 "Safe Sex" Calendar. On June 18, 1985, Glenn received a diagnosis that he had AIDS. "I don't give up easily. I am continuing to fight. The idea to do this calendar came to me in the hopes that I can bring a message to the community that each of us can do something to help curb the spread of AIDS."

Eight dollars. (All sales donated to the Howard Brown Memorial Clinic, AIDS Action Project.) For ordering information contact: Gay Chicago Magazine, 1527 N. Wells St., Chicago, IL 60610, (312) 751-0130.

"Tutiate me!" reads the caption for the month of June in the 1986 Safe Sex Calendar



"Hurts so good!" Below is the photo series for the month of November in the 1986 Safe Sex Calendar





MAINMAN

The insert photos on the opposite page are from Mainman, one of several male black image calendars out this year. Some very hunky, wholesome models are presented, most posed in sports activities.

Nine dollars. Available from Landmark Calendars, PO Box 1100, Sausalito, CA 94966.

BLACK IS MORE THAN BEAUTIFUL

(opposite full-page photo)

A somewhat sexier calendar than Mainman, as is illustrated here by the naked baseball player. Appealing design with photos by Bob Fenny

Eight dollars. For ordering information, write to Black Is More Than Beautiful, PO Box 4777, Los Angeles, CA 90051

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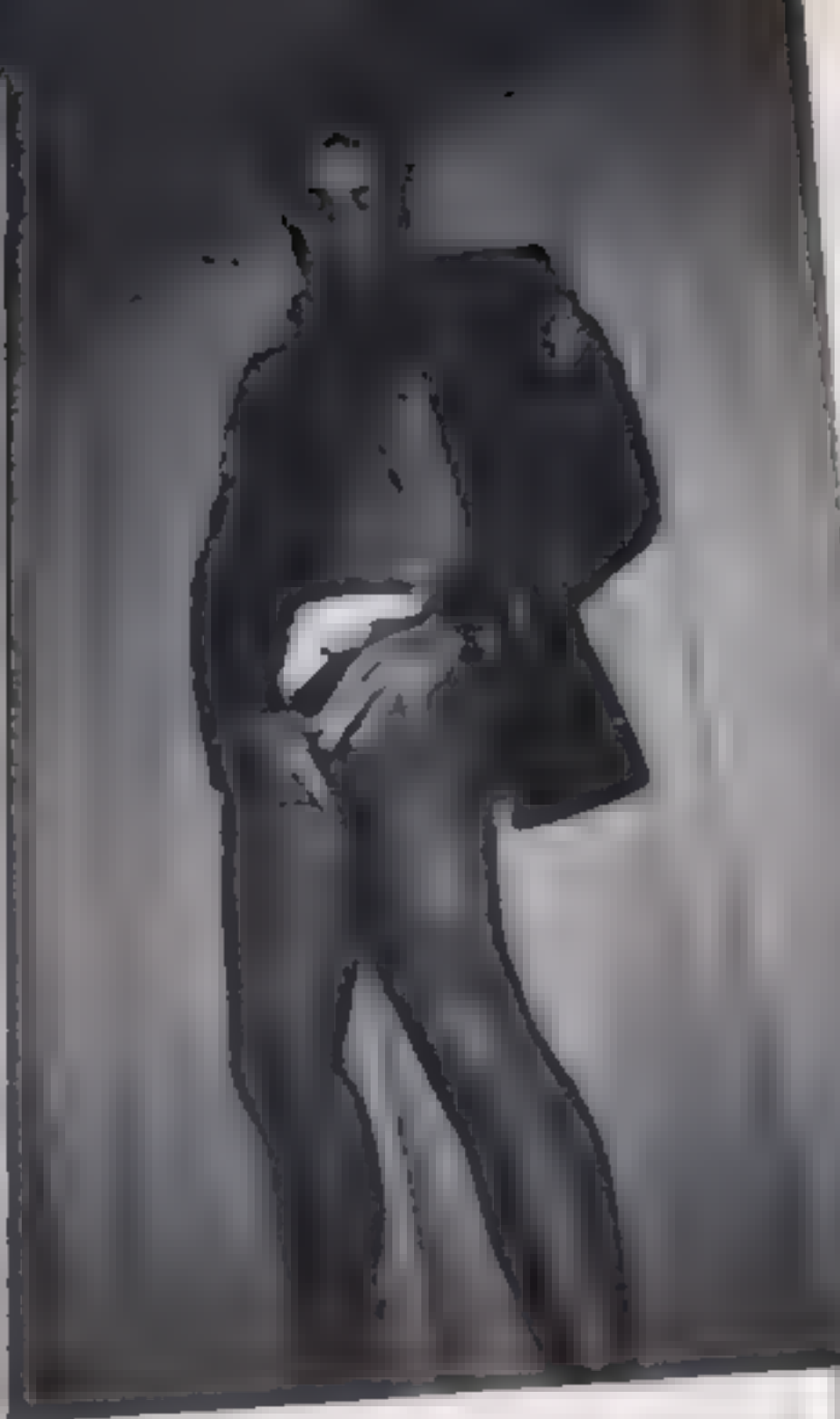
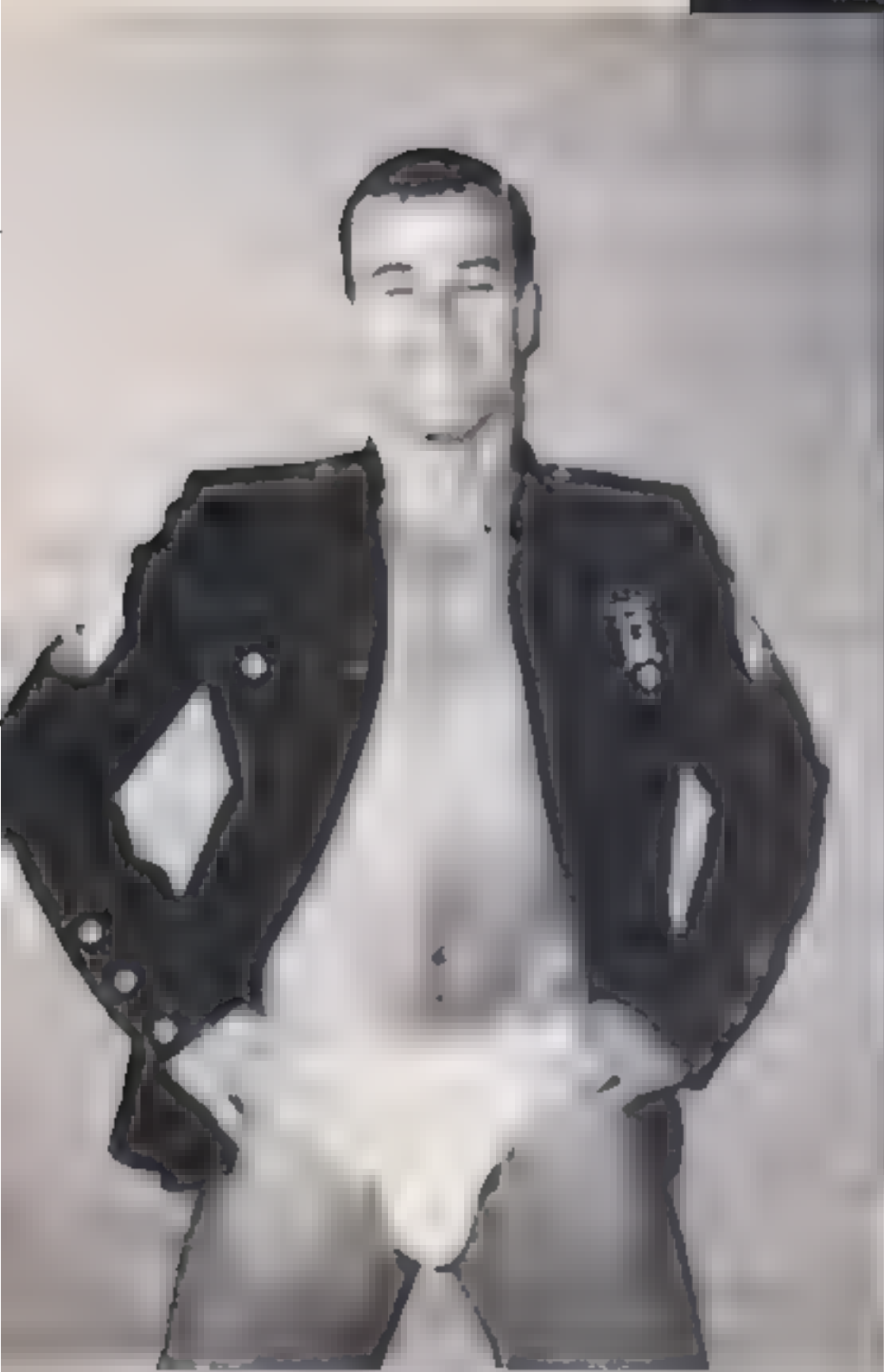
FOX STUDIO CALENDAR

Last but not least, the Fox Studio calendar is definitely one of the hottest out this year. It is full of beefy guys showing their hard-ons and looking ready-for-action. By the way, nicely layed out, too

Six dollars. For ordering information write to Fox Studio, PO Box 641, Venice, CA 90294







Dear DRUMMER

Just picked up a copy of *Drummer 88*. My lover Jack Campbell and I want to thank you for printing my photo which had been taken by Rink last summer. We enjoyed your rather tongue-in-cheek article which accompanied it. We are just completing a national tour of Club Body Centers.

Here are photos taken at one of the safe-sex demonstrations while on the tour. I begin my show with a fantasy masturbation of 15 to 20 minutes. I encourage the other men to join, "stroking along with Sgt. Swann." After I come, I talk as a marine drill instructor would to a group of recruits (usually 25 to 150 guys) telling them not to take loads, eat ass, fist or fuck without a rubber. Basically the message is not to exchange body fluids.

Then, with a safe-sex buddy from the audience, I show them how to make safe practices erotic.

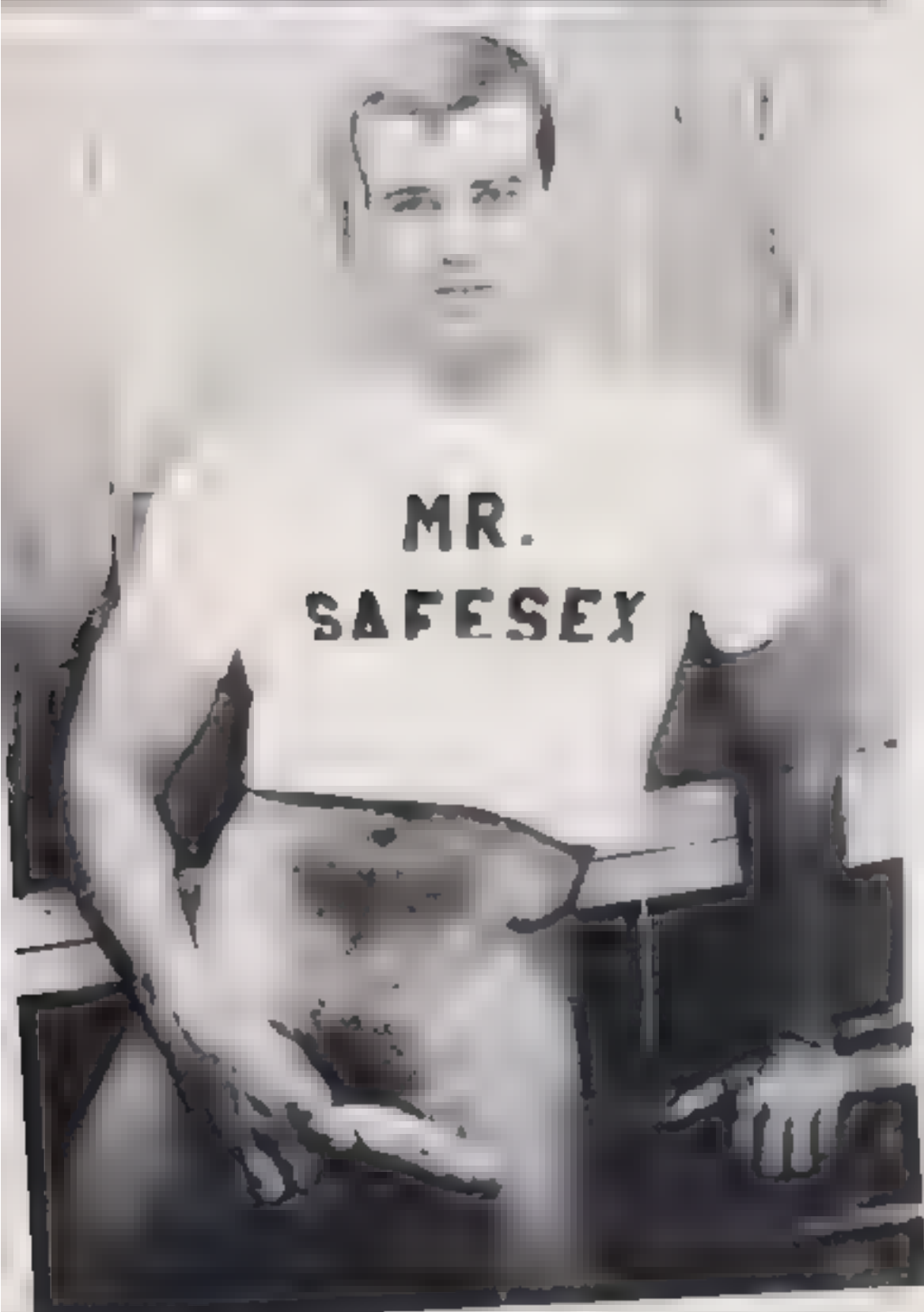
The ten minute talk is followed by an autograph session during which I sign "hard-action" photos of myself, while getting a chance to talk individually with the guys.

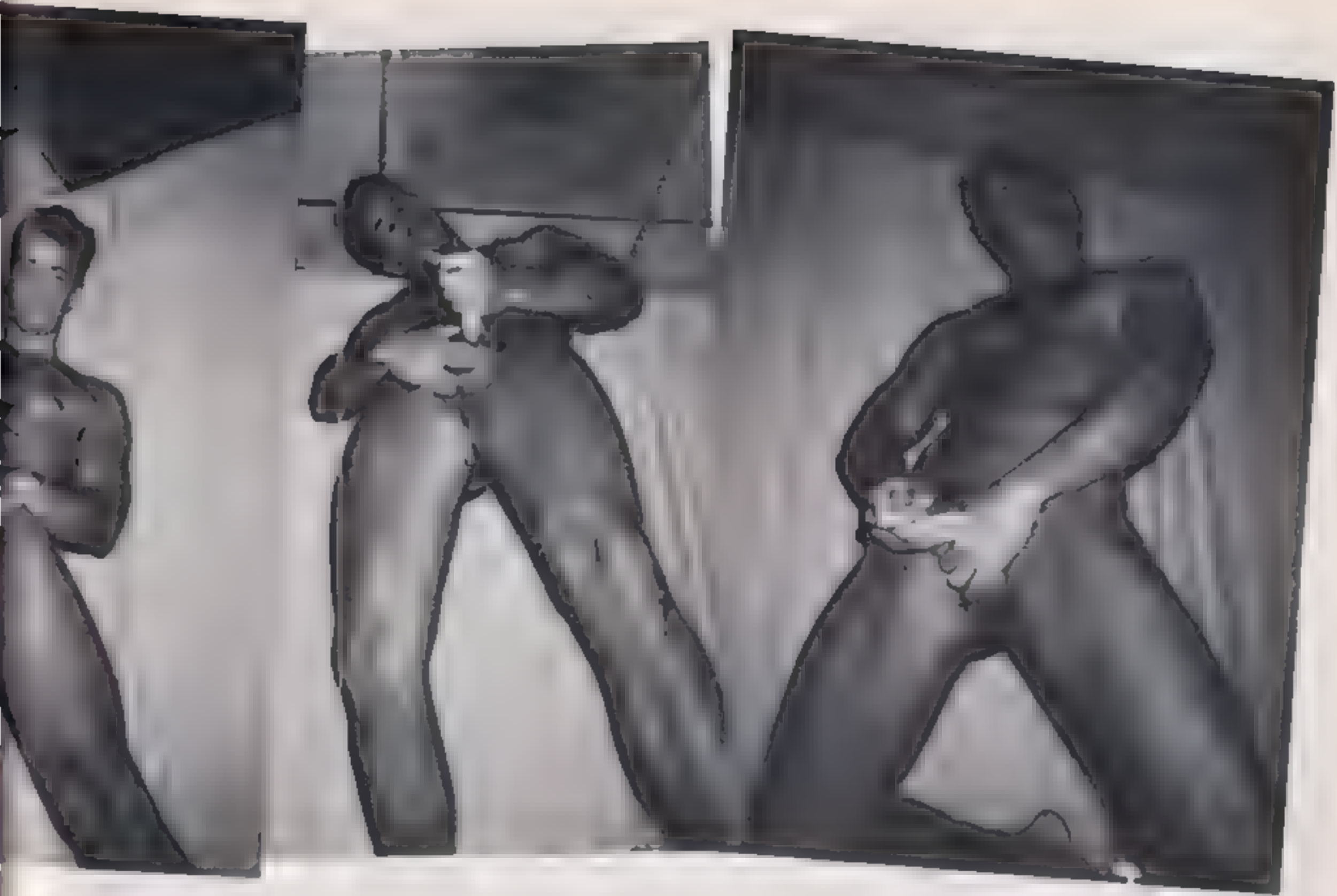
I've met many physicians at this point who praise what we're doing—trying to reach the 20-30% of the gay males who are not practicing risk reduction.

By the way, your star Ken Bergquist won two Mr. Safe-sex contests in South Florida recently.

I think your publications are great. Keep up the good work and play safe.

Glenn Swann





SGT. SWANN'S SONG OF SAFE SEX

GLENN SWANN, WHO IS GIVING AMERICAN MEN A HARD-ON FROM COAST TO COAST IS NOW SHOWING THEM WHAT TO DO WITH IT!



TOUGH CUSTOMERS

Tough Customers is our way of sharing the hottest candid home photos sent in by readers like you!

Wanna join in? Send your photo (crisp black and white reproduces best) to: Tough Customers, Drummer, 640 Natoma Street, San Francisco, 94103. Tell us you're of legal age, put your signature on the back of the photo, and include your name and address so we can assign you a confidential TC Box number (Photos can't be returned)

Wanna get in touch with a TC? Put your correspondence in an envelope, seal it, apply postage, and write the TC Box number on the back flap in pencil; put that inside another envelope and mail to the address above, along with a measly quarter for handling. See ya around!



LEATHER MASTER: This ex-GI likes adventure and travel and turns on to bondage, C&BT, TT, WS and piercing, among other scenes. See his ad in under "Nationwide" in Dear Sir, LF 4485

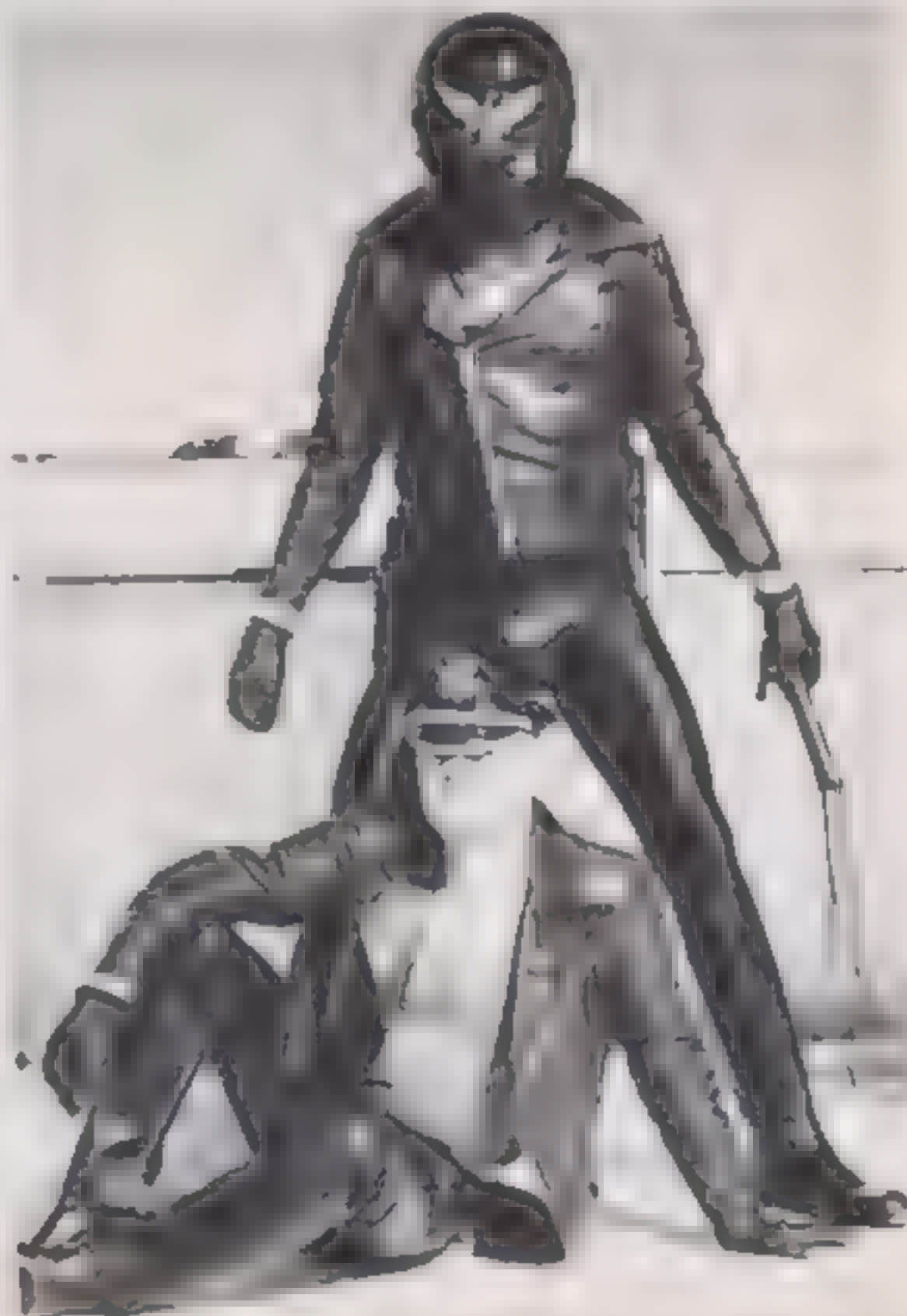


HEAVILY EXPERIENCED: TC 1134 is into everything and wants to know what you want to do or have done to you

92 DRUMMER



PROLONGED ENDURANCE: This New England TC is 28 years old, 5'7" and 145 lbs. He's into leather, rubber and strict long-term bondage and restrained SM. He's looking to expand his limits. Can you help? Contact TC 1133



LONDON SLAVE AND MASTER: This British duo like to make travelers feel welcome when in London. Write to TC 1129.



HOT HAIRY ASSHOLE: This 28-year-old from New Jersey is looking for action. Think you can handle it? TC 1130



FORMER COP, NOW DOGSLAVE: "I need to be treated and loved as a dog to give up the right to make decisions and to serve and please my Master." This TC lives in the northeast but travels around the U.S. Check out TC 1128's ad under "Nation-wide" in our Dear Sir classifieds

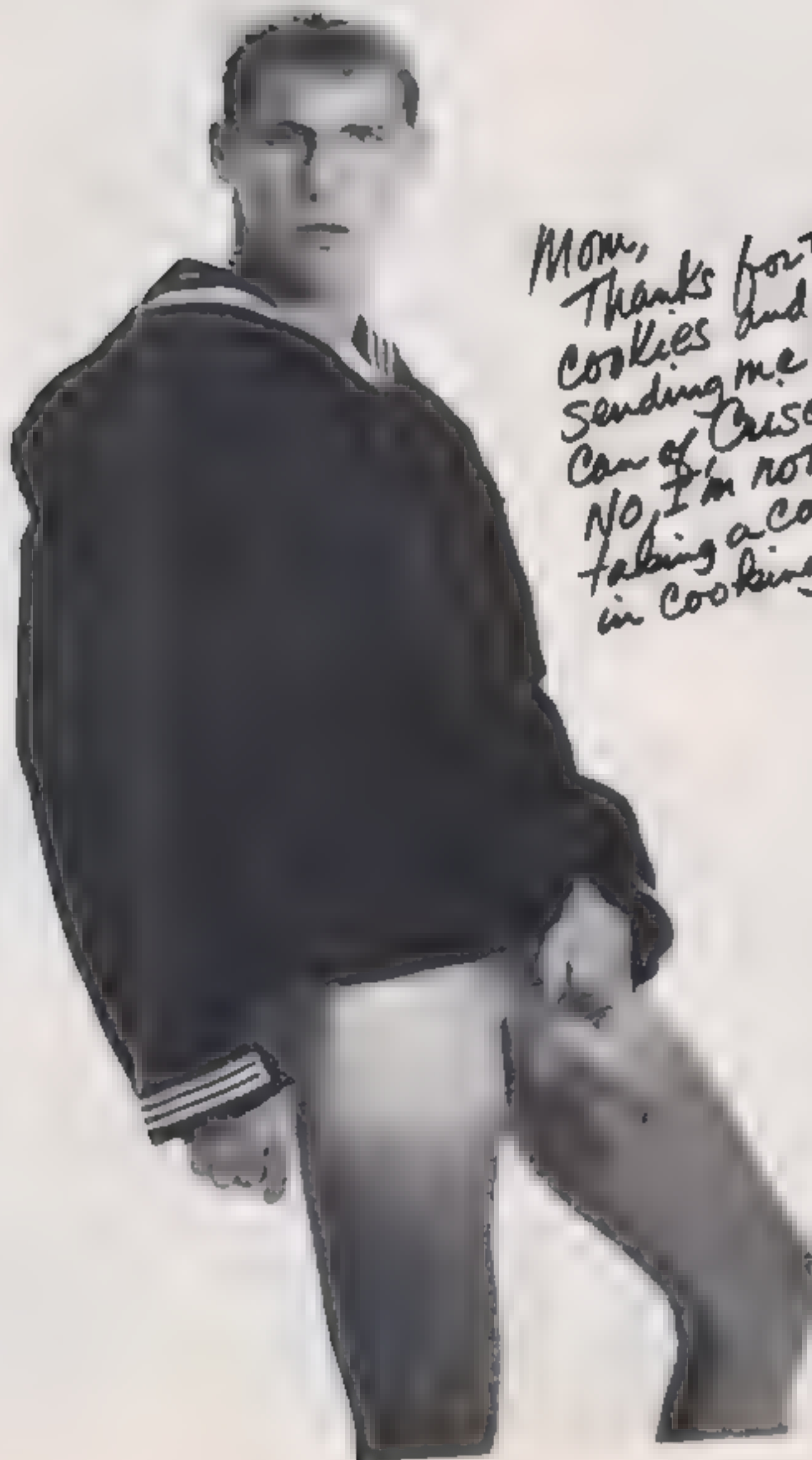


FORESKIN TORTURE: Stretching, twisting, clamping, biting, chewing, gnawing. This New York TC wants it all—mutual preferred, but experienced one-ways okay. Send your letters and photos to TC 1131



SEASONED SERVITOR: This 68-year-old bondage slave is looking for a young, uncut bondage Master who can tie him up and work him over. He's into light SM and a little headcheese and wants to try golden shower scenes. Retired and free to travel anywhere in the U.S., he's TC 1132

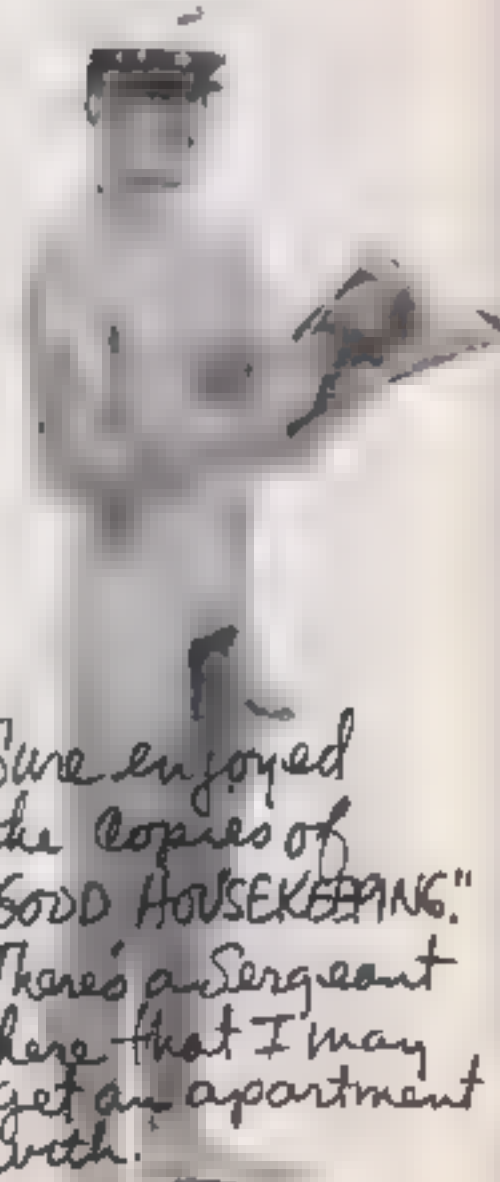
Dear Mom,



Mom,
Thanks for the
cookies and for
sending me the
can of Crisco.
No, I'm not
taking a course
in cooking.

Ever wonder what would happen if you put a sign out like the one on the opposite page and waited in a place like San Diego, home of the Pacific fleet and neighbor to the Pendleton Marine Base as well as El Toro's Air Force field. With the cooperation of Seabag Studio's, who didn't get these photos in that fashion, we are sure, here are some results, along with appropriate notations to the folks back home.

All in time for National Armed Forces Week, too!



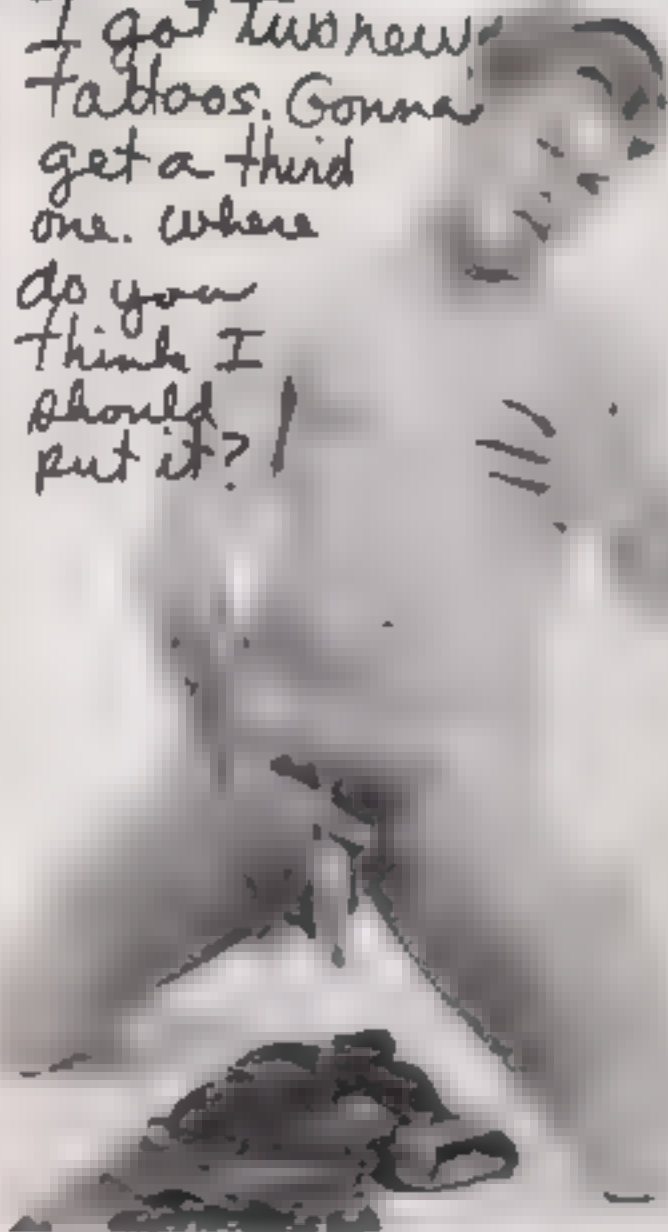
Sure enjoyed
the copies of
"GOOD HOUSEKEEPING."
There's a Sergeant
here that I may
get an apartment
with.



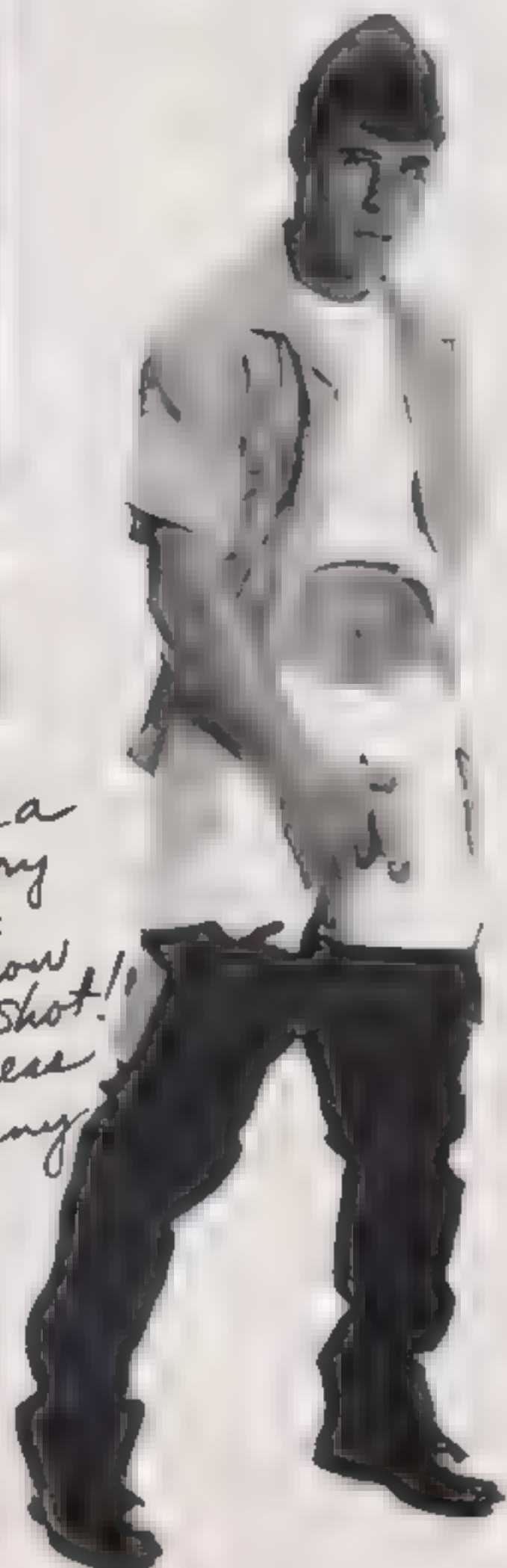
*Cut off the
top half of
this picture
to forward
it on to
Aunt Martha*

SERVICEMEN!
FREE
PHOTOS TO
SEND HOME
JUST COME IN AND
DROP YOUR PANTS
NO CHARGE!

*I got two new
tattoos. Gonna
get a third
one. Where
do you
think I
should
put it?*

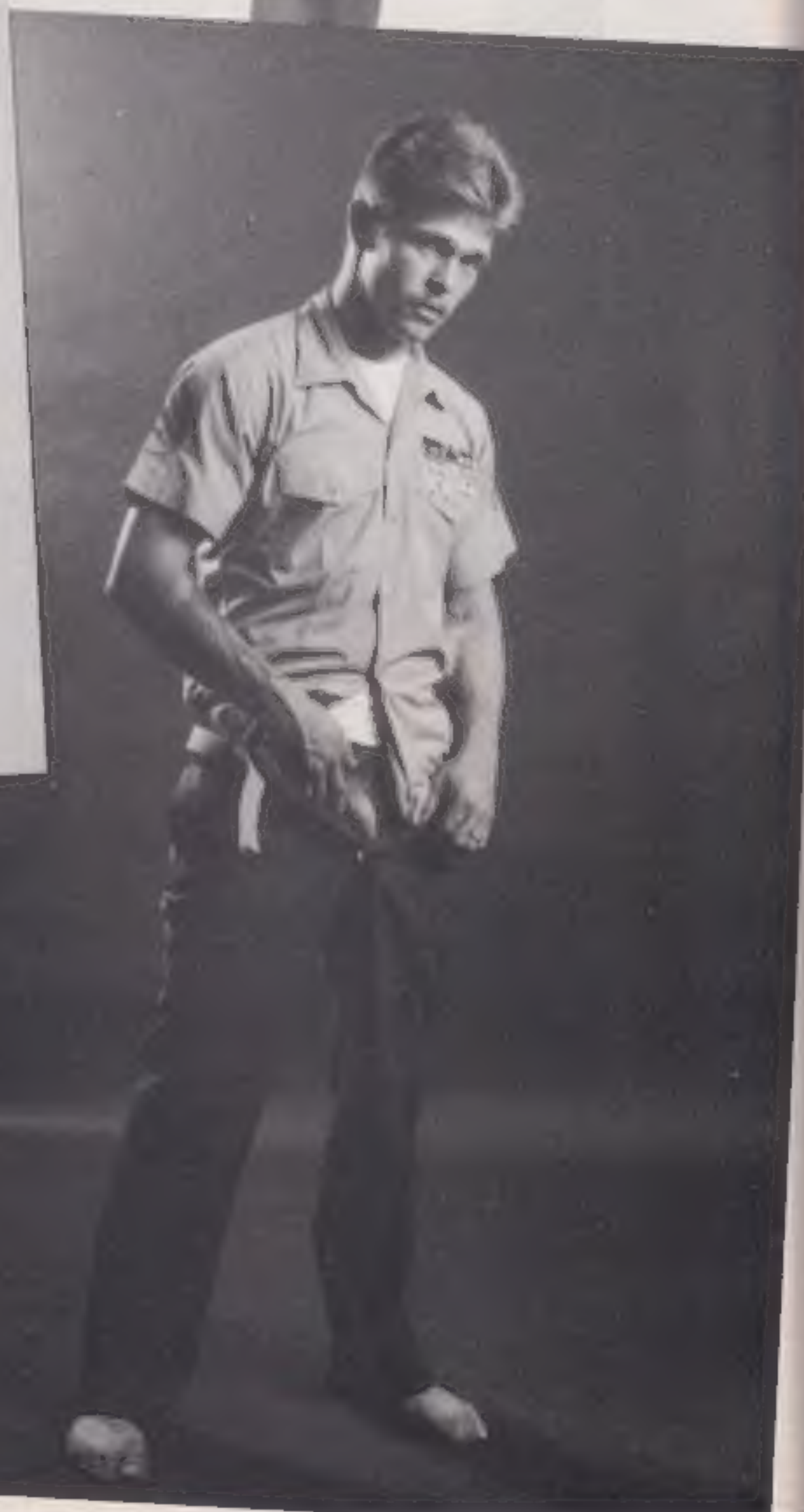


*We had a
Gunnery
Contest.
Guess how
far I shot!!
And guess
how many
times!*

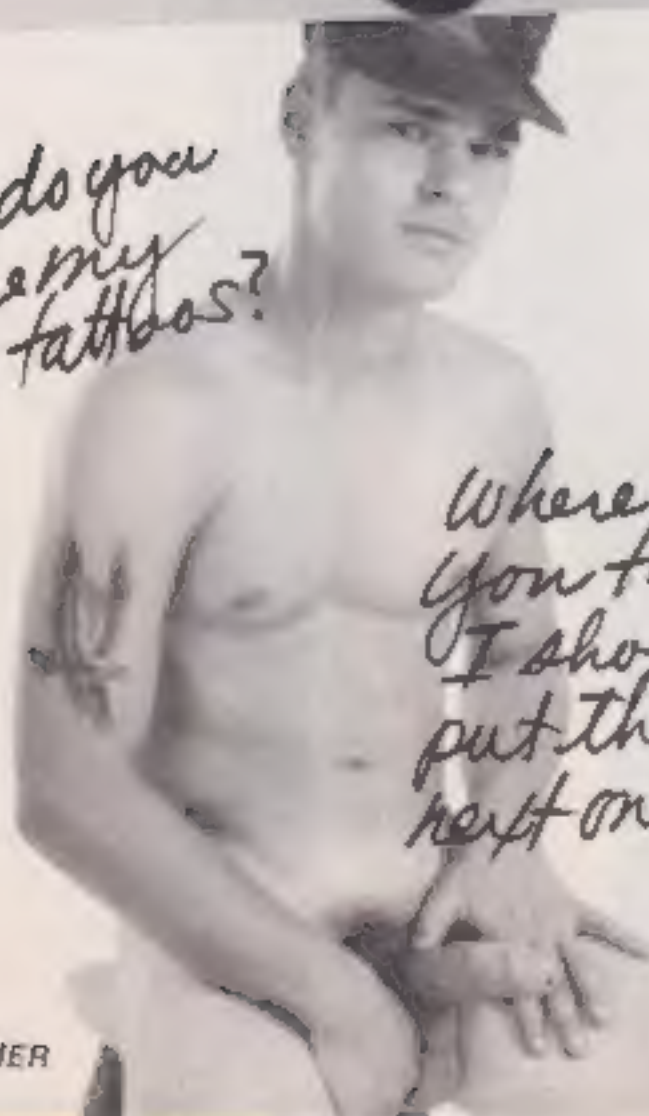




Mom,
I sure miss
Mary Lou,
but my
buddies have
shown me
lots of ways
to keep my
mind off of
girls.



How do you
like my
New tattoos?



Where do
you think
I should
put the
next one?

IN PASSING

MOM—
This is my
Sergeant.
I'd have sent
you a photo of
me alone,
but Sgt. Swann
had our balls
tied together.



RIGHT NOW YOU NEED A POWERFUL FRIEND!

What makes the men in our community so susceptible? Any number of reasons, including late hours, close physical contact, overexertion, poor diet, smoking, drinking, stimulants, and antibiotics all take their toll on your vitality, your immunity and your general well-being. VITA-MEN is doctor-formulated for the sexually and physically active man on the go. Its ingredients are more expensive to manufacture, not only for their contents, as well as what they do not contain. There are no oils (our vitamins A and D are dry) for the body to retain, no starches, no shellac, no sugars. Take a look at the formula. It is specifically designed for men and it is awesome.

A supplement to the VITA-MEN formula is our new IMMUNITABS. Take a good look at that doctor-designed formulation and add it to your diet.

COMPARE OUR FORMULA!

180 TABLETS CONTAIN:

VITAMINS	POTENCY	%RDA*		POTENCY	%RDA*
Vitamin A (Beta Carotene)	10,000 IU	200%	GIF Chromium	200 mcg	***
Vitamin A (palmitate)	5,000 IU	100%	Zinc (Amino acid chelate)	100 mg	66%
B1 (thiamine)	100 mg	666%	Copper (Amino acid chelate)	2 mg	100%
B2 (riboflavin)	100 mg	588%	Manganese (Amino Acid Chelate)	20 mg	***
Niacin	50 mg	750%	HERBALS		
B3 (niacinamide)	100 mg	500%	Ginseng	25 mg	***
B5 (pantothenic acid)	150 mg	500%	Saw palmetto	150 mg	***
B6 (pyridoxine)	100 mg	5000%	Sarsaparilla	50 mg	***
B10 (paba)	100 mg	***	Echinacea	300 mg	***
B12 (cobalamin concentrate)	200 mcg	333%	Lemon Balm	125 mg	***
Vitamin C (Sage Palm)	1000 mg	166%	Taraxacum	20 mg	***
Vitamin E (d-alpha tocopherol)	400 IU	133%	Licorice	25 mg	***
Vitamin D3	100 IU	25%	Spirulina	25 mg	***
Folic Acid	400 mcg	100%	Bee Pollen	100 mg	***
Biotin	100 mcg	33%	AMINO ACIDS		
Choline (bitartrate)	200 mg	***	L-Lysine	750 mg	***
Inositol	125 mg	***	L-Phenylalanine	25 mg	***
Bisflavonoids	200 mg	***	L-Glutamine	25 mg	***
Hesperidin	20 mg	***	L-Ornithine	25 mg	***
Rutin	75 mg	***	L-Tyrosine	25 mg	***
Octacosanol	250 mcg	***	D-L Methionine	100 mg	***
MINERALS			L-Cysteine	30 mg	***
Calcium (Amino acid chelate)	500 mg	50%	ACTIVATED GLANDULARS		
Magnesium (Amino acid chelate)	350 mg	87%	Prostate Tissue	50 mg	***
Silica	500 mcg	***	Thymus	10 mg	***
Vanadium	75 mcg	***	Adrenal	50 mg	***
Iodine	225 mcg	150%	DHEA Complex (Dioscorea Villosa)	200 mg	***
Iron (Amino Acid Chelate)	20 mg	111%			
Potassium aspartate	55 mg	***			
Selenium (Amino Acid Chelate)	150 mcg	***			
Molybdenum (Amino Acid Chelate)	50 mcg	***			

*DIRECTIONS: For adult males as a dietary supplement, take two tablets three times a day, preferably with meals. If more convenient take six tablets once a day.

PHYSICIAN FORMULATED & PRODUCED UNDER THE HIGHEST ETHICAL STANDARDS & QUALITY CONTROL.



CONTAINS 180 TABLETS
ONE MONTH'S SUPPLY!

SPECIAL OFFER

ADVANCED NEW FORMULA
FOR THE SUPER ACTIVE MAN
VITA-MEN
VITAMINS, MINERALS, HERBS
SUPER SUPPLEMENT
180 TABLETS



**FREE \$12
IMMUNITABS
WITH EACH ORDER OF
VITA-MEN!**

VITA-MEN LABS

640 NATOMA STREET / SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94103

Send me _____ months supply of VITA-MEN @ 24.95

Include my free \$12 IMMUNITABS bonus with each.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

Enclosed is \$ _____. Or charge it to my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

No. _____

Exp. _____

Signature _____

California residents add 6 1/2% sales tax.



WITH
**MICKEY
 SQUIRES**
BRUTUS
CHRIS BURNS
SCOTT O'HARA
 60 MINUTES RUNNING TIME

EVERY MAN HAS THE CAPACITY AND THE
 EQUIPMENT TO TURN HIMSELF ON...

ROBERT PAYNE
 PRESENTS

THE JOYS OF SELF ABUSE

A WINGS VIDEO RELEASE

59⁹⁵

BEAT IT! POUND IT! STROKE IT!
 TORTURE IT! HARNESS IT! PUNISH IT!
 LOVE IT! MAKE FRIENDS WITH IT!
 SHOW IT OFF! MOST OF ALL, USE IT!
 AN HOUR OF THE BIZARRE, THE EROTIC,
 THE TANTALIZING AND THE FORBIDDEN!

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NAME

ADDRESS

CITY, STATE, ZIP

☐ Charge it to my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

No. Exp.

Signature

(I am over 21 years of age.)